

# Chatelaine



**EXCLUSIVE** — When Elizabeth II Visits Queen Salote of the South Seas  
Kate Aitken starts the story of her childhood: "THAT WAS REALLY CHRISTMAS"

*The pause that refreshes*

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CHATELAINE — DECEMBER, 1953



## What we wish for all our children, all their Christmases . . .

SEARCHING FOR A VISUAL SYMBOL of the old-new story of Christmas, Chatelaine found it in an out-of-the-way gallery of the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto—Andrea della Robbia's four-foot circle of luminous blue-and-white beauty reproduced on our cover. Museum directors agreed it deserved fresh recognition and have brought it forward to the main hall for Christmas visitors to enjoy and draw inspiration from.

"Madonna and Child with St. John," executed with infinite grace and charm by Andrea della Robbia, artist of Florence, is one of Canada's links with the rich, swirling complexity of the Renaissance in Italy. It speaks to us across nearly five centuries of that spiritual re-awakening that quickened men's souls and excited their creative impulses so that the great names of the time trail like banners on the pages of history . . . Michelangelo, Donatello, Giotto, Da Vinci.

"Madonna and Child" became a part of Canada's heritage when Sir Edmund Osler, brother of Sir William, the great physician, presented it to the Royal Ontario Museum in 1915.

It brings back memories of the days when every well-conducted family planned the Grand Tour and when the large brick mansions of Canada's wealthy blossomed with the collected fruits of that pilgrimage to Europe, when high shuttered windows concealed the marble busts, the gilded peacock feathers, the heavy gold frames enclosing the dark varnished browns of lesser

Constables and Turners, the whatnots laden with some true, some false, gems of beauty. Here was Canada, young, vigorous and raw, just beginning to grasp at culture, seeking for something not yet indigenous, looking to the Old World to supply it.

In many of those early Canadian nurseries, modeled after the English, with fendered fireplaces and padded window seats, the blue-and-white reproductions of the Della Robbia *Bambini* had an honored place. Your childhood memories may contain the picture of those appealing little child figures in their white swaddling bands against their sky-blue backgrounds. They were Andrea's best-known work, these simple, beautifully modeled medallions that ringed the walls of the Hospital of the Innocenti at Florence in 1463, each face, each pose, subtly different.

Andrea loved children. He had seven sons of his own and it is easy to imagine that he immortalized their fat little bodies, their happy faces in his work. The frieze of winged cherubim that surrounds his "Madonna and Child" in the Museum is a hallmark of his work.

Andrea, born in 1435, lived to be ninety. He was a gentler, more emotional, more intimate artist than his uncle Luca, who headed the Della Robbia clan. The famous wreath, the garlands of vine and laurel and pine, decorated with fruit, flowers and vegetables, was Luca's invention,

borrowed by Andrea in more formalized arrangement for his own work.

For nearly the whole of the fifteenth century, the Della Robbia studio, where five of Andrea's sons assisted, was jammed with orders for their work to decorate public buildings, churches and palaces. The figures were modeled in terra cotta clay and covered with a tin-glaze enamel, and their particular blue, combined with white, has been a distinguishing mark ever since.

It is good to stop a moment in our busy preparations for Christmas, to contemplate the quiet and restful beauty of this fifteenth-century masterpiece. We can remember, then, what Christmas really means, and why we celebrate it.

Oh, come let us adore Him . . . the birth of hope, the promise of immortality, the clear innocence of childhood. Here is the bounty of the earth to garland it, the heavy grapes, the golden pears, even the knobby cucumber, with morning glories peeping through the pine needles. Here the gaze of the Christ-child penetrates us, gravely, like the look that children turn on us today, piercing our pretensions and our shams. In the magic circle of childhood, He is protected by the purity and devotion of the Virgin's love, so fully realized in Andrea's conception, guarded by heavenly companions.

Herein is peace and serenity, beauty and love . . . what we wish for all our children, all their Christmases. +

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Wet clothes... wet or cold feet... sudden changes of temperature, and drafts... all are contributing factors in catching cold. They often lower body resistance so that germs, called the "secondary invaders" can break through throat tissues and cause trouble.

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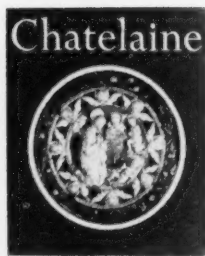
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Vol. 26 No. 12

Andrea della Robbia of Florence, master craftsman and artist, was best known for his terra cotta sculptures like the Madonna and Child with Saint John on our cover. For the full story of this Christmas cover see page 1.

# Chatelaine

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1953

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# Reader Takes Over

## Is Birth Control the Answer?

IF YOU INTEND printing anything again like *The Pill That Could Shake the World* (October Chatelaine) consider my subscription canceled. Yes, I am a Roman Catholic and I do believe that the Dr. Henshaws and the Margaret Sangers do immeasurable harm . . . You, as a publisher, share responsibility for placing such ideas before a public already very selfish and materialistic. You must know that children are conceived only when God wills it and any artificial means used to prevent such conception is an attempt to thwart God's will. Do Margaret Sanger and Dr. Henshaw think that they are wiser than God Himself?—*Madeleine Waldron, Montreal.*

. . . Obviously you try to present the tonic fairly and you do. The direct trouble is not so much with writer or magazine as with the thinking of those who advocate birth control . . . It is we—whose granaries bulge, whose factories are cramming again—who advocate birth control, not those poverty-stricken nations . . . The myth of Malthus dies hard. Science now knows we cannot overpopulate—as far as feeding is concerned—in fact our whole problem is to limit production lest we have economic chaos . . . Today U. S. farmers must seed less for next year, to be eligible for \$2.20-a-bushel price support on wheat. Newfoundland's fishing fleet has quit, no one can eat all the fish. Australian wool growers recently announced a six-million-bale surplus. Ask a Canadian farmer if he can grow enough wheat to feed the hungry—better still, offer him two dollars a bushel and see . . .

We should straighten our thinking: to the world that asks for bread, we offer a pill! Any wonder we're in a bad way?—*H. L. Elkin, Edmonton, Alta.*

. . . Birth control! Contraceptives! And now "fertility-control" pills! Ye Scientists! There is only one control: sex control, and the rules of that are in the Bible. It does not take from life and living, but adds to it. It does control our reproduction and also sees to proper conception at the right time—fewer children, happier, healthier and all left in the hands of God to plan. I am a descendant of old Methodist missionary stock.—*Mrs. W. Hall, Orillia, Ont.*

. . . After reading your article I feel compelled to write and congratulate you for it. Here in Canada we may as well be living in the middle ages as far as birth control goes. I have several friends as well as myself wondering why sterilization is not legal in Canada. If it were it would certainly solve the problem for those of us who have four or five chil-

dren and cannot afford any more . . . —*Mrs. Margaret Sorhus, Kindersley, Sask.*

### To Remarry or Not

How much I agree with Eileen Morris' article, *I'd Want My Husband to Marry Again* (October Chatelaine). None of us like to think about the time when we are gone . . . While we are living, our prime interest in life is in keeping our family happy and well. One often finds the unhappy and sickly individual is a lonely man or woman. I do believe our spouses should remarry. It is our duty to educate our children to this possible event.

I would like you to know how much we enjoy Chatelaine and look forward to each issue.—*M. H. W., Leamington, Ont.*

. . . You might want to know what one person thought who actually had that problem. My wife died of cancer. She was twenty-nine years old. She told me several times, "If I die I want you to marry again. You need someone to take care of you . . . after a decent length of time you should get married to a nice girl, one that would make a good wife."

I am going to try and tell you what kind of a person my wife was . . . We live on a farm so we never had too much money. In my opinion my wife was a lot smarter than most of the women I've seen. She could do anything and do it well. When she was well she did all her own papering and painting, could drive a tractor or a three-ton truck, was a wonderful cook . . . She could always make up her mind in no time. If I said let's go to Old Orchard Beach or maybe a trip through the White Mountains in New Hampshire or somewhere she would say, "Okay, I'll make some sandwiches to eat on the way." She never said, "Oh I've got this to do and that to do . . ."

I don't know why she ever loved me. I didn't cry when she died or even at her funeral. I guess all the neighbors said "My he's taking it well isn't he?" Now, a month after, sometimes when I am alone my eyes fill with tears and my throat aches and I can hardly speak; and I don't think I sleep more than two hours a night . . .

I don't think I will probably ever be married again . . . —*Widower, —, Que.*

### Fiction that Refreshes

I was so much delighted with your refreshingly wholesome story by Jean Eaton that I wish we could have more. In this age of books and periodicals publishing in many cases such sexy, demoralizing trash it is good to read a tale so attractive and so true to life. —*Mrs. E. G. Nixon, Ottawa.* +

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—By Paul Rockett (pages 1, 73), Page Toles (4, 5, 8), Baron-Miller (12), Lotte-Meitner-Graf (12), Teal (13), Ballard & Jarrett (14), Houston Roger (21), Panda (22, 23, 24), Lockwood Haight-Panda (26, 27), Peter Croydon (28, 29), Albert Nye (60).



## The HARE, the TORTOISE and HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

NEARLY everyone knows the famous Aesop fable about the hare and the tortoise. There is a good lesson in it for all of us, but for people who have high blood pressure this ancient fable can have a special meaning.

You may remember that the tortoise "pursued a slow but steady pace straight to the end of the course." Yet he won the race simply by taking it in his stride. Indeed, he took life much, much easier than the hare.

This is exactly what doctors wish that all patients who have high blood pressure, or hypertension, would do. In fact, people who have moderate, uncomplicated high blood pressure are often helped simply by learning to adjust their lives to a slower pace.

A relaxed attitude toward life is important in the treatment of this disorder because rush, "drive" and emotional tension can cause an already elevated blood pressure to rise to even higher levels. This is why doctors advise a steady, easy pace during the day and eight or more hours of sleep every night.

In addition, patients should carefully follow their doctor's advice about diet and eating habits. Above all, weight should be constantly kept at the proper level, because high blood pressure and overweight often go hand in hand.

People who learn to take these precautions may live happily, usefully and actively with hypertension even to old age.

Of course, if blood pressure reaches and stays at an excessively high level . . . or if it is caused by an underlying disease . . . the situation becomes more serious. Even in these cases, there are often ways to lower pressure and relieve symptoms—such as drugs, surgery and special diets.

High blood pressure affects several hundred thousand Canadians . . . and is a major cause of heart disease in middle age and later years. If you have reached the years when high blood pressure is most likely to occur . . . if you are overweight . . . and if there has ever been high blood pressure in your family, do not neglect to see your doctor for regular medical examinations. When discovered early, hypertension is usually easier to control.

The outlook for still better methods of treating hypertension is promising—as studies by many agencies, including the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, progress. The Fund, supported by 146 Life Insurance Companies, is devoting much of its research to hypertension and blood vessel disorders.

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## NEW WAYS TO EASY-GIVING

by Nancy Nylon

Happy hints for a happy Christmas morning! Here are nylon gifts that bring a sparkle to the tree—lend practical easy-living through the year. And here are my warmest wishes for a wonderful, wonderful Christmas! I hope you'll find glowing hearts and dancing eyes around the tree that day.



Toddlers to old folks overflow the Downeys' big farmhouse living room, singing

## CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE



"IN TORONTO the D. F. Downeys start their celebrations Christmas Eve, when fifty friends and relatives gather to eat a buffet supper, hang ornaments on the tree, hear the Christmas story read from the Bible, and sing carols."

When this brief item appeared in our December issue a year ago it sounded so inviting that Christmas Eve found Chatelaine knocking at the door of the Downeys' recently acquired farm home (left) near Aurora, twenty-five miles north of Toronto. The farmhouse (from which Mr. Downey commutes to his city law office) was obviously purchased with Christmas Eve in mind, for forty-eight guests were comfortably circulating between the Downeys' twenty-three-foot living room and an immense and sociable kitchen which has its own fireplace. And everyone was having a thoroughly good time.



Children recite and perform proudly on the piano as all are encouraged to contribute to the Christmas Eve program. A friend tells the Bible Christmas story each year.



carols from the family's own song sheets.

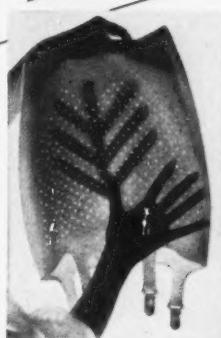
## THE DOWNEYS'

The idea started fifteen years ago when the family used to go to Mrs. Downey's mother's for Christmas dinner. The Downeys decided to have a celebration of their own on Christmas Eve, began with twelve guests the first year and the list has been swelling ever since. People start asking Mrs. Downey if she is going to have her big party again, in the middle of summer.

After guests have done their best by an inexhaustible buffet supper, everyone gets a basket of trimmings to help decorate the Christmas tree. An old friend of the family, Mrs. A. J. Morley, plays for the carol singing every year ("Welcome to the Downeys' Christmas Eve Party" is the greeting on the mimeographed song sheets) and Toronto schoolteacher Stella Sharpley tells the Bible Christmas story from memory. After a rousing appearance from Santa, host Donald Downey reappears to express the family's warm Christmas wishes before toddlers and old folks depart—those who aren't sucking candy canes still humming carols.

More pictures on page 8

Give yourself a Lovely New Figure  
for the festive days ahead!



**New!** Tummy-flattening latex "finger" panels and non-roll top firmly assist the gentle lift of your own body muscles.



**New!** Fabric lining inside, textured latex outside . . . comfortable as your own skin.

## New Playtex Magic-Controller!

With new non-roll top and hidden power panels that slim and support you as Nature intended—  
Here's Magic Control for "Calorie-Curves"!

Don't just wish you could have a lovely new figure for holiday parties! Let Magic-Controller's hidden latex "finger" panels firm your figure, flatten your tummy . . . all without a seam, stitch, bone or stay! Magic-Controller is one smooth piece of fabric lined latex. And oh, what wonders it will do for you when you wear it under your party clothes! Whether you wear large or small, you'll think you've lost a full size (and more than a few years)!



**Playtex Magic-Controller** with 4 durably reinforced adjustable garters.

Look for Playtex Magic-Controller in this newest SLIM Playtex tube. At department stores, specialty shops everywhere, \$9.50

New Playtex Magic-Controller Panty Girdle with Garters, \$9.50

Extra-large sizes, slightly higher.

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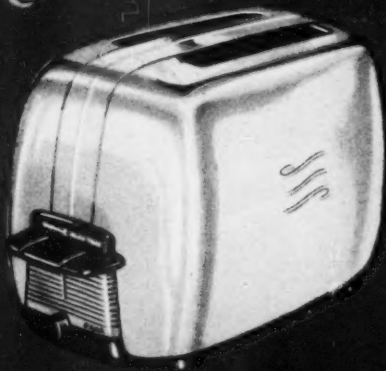
Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girle in the SLIM tube.

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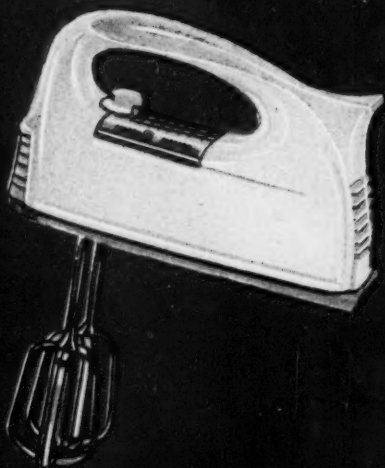
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G-E GIFTS catch the spirit of Christmas giving. For you there is the satisfaction of knowing that you give the very best. For the one you care for, there is the pleasure of receiving gifts that will add to their comfort and their leisure every day of the year... for years to come. These discriminating gifts are priced as low as \$4.95, yet every one bears the famous G-E "Whisker" Mark... your assurance of incomparable styling and performance. For a very merry Christmas, give distinctive General Electric gifts.

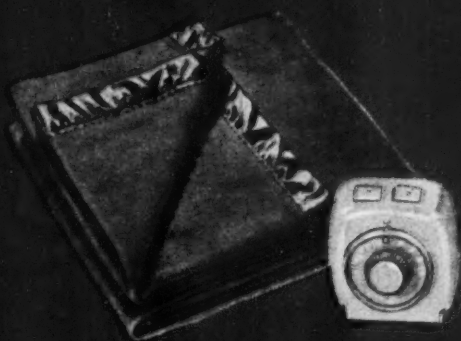
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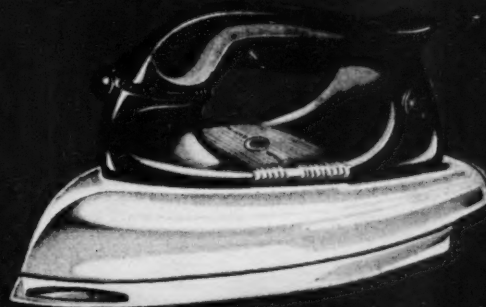
# ure...and their leisure GENERAL ELECTRIC GIFTS



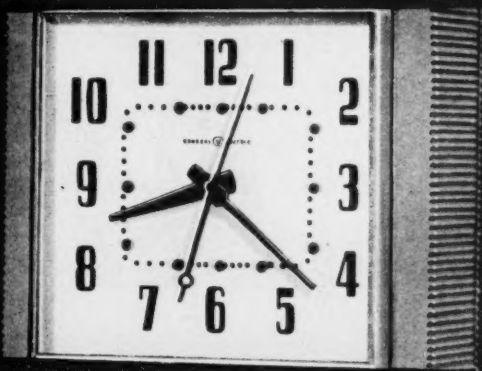
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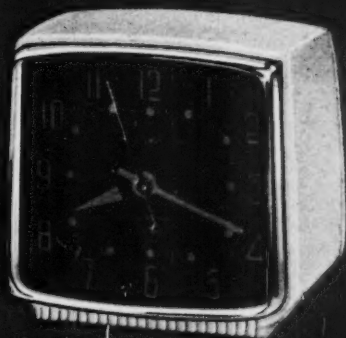
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The steam iron is the gift of choice for the woman who likes to iron. It's a fully automatic dry iron. It's really 2 irons in 1.



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The G-E Alarm Clock is the gift of choice for the man who likes to wake up. It's a fully automatic alarm clock. It's really 2 clocks in 1.



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a year... but I'm proud of  
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You and Dorian Mehle have something in common. Every year, you wash a stack of dishes a quarter-mile high!

Detergents make your job much easier. They cut into grease and grime and get you through dishwashing in much less time. But, while detergents are dissolving grease, they're also taking away the natural oils and youthful softness of your hands!

Yet Dorian hasn't given up detergents. If she could step off the printed page, you'd find her hands are as soft, smooth, young-looking as a teenager's. Her secret is the world's best-known beauty routine. It's pure, white Jergens Lotion for



Dorian Mehle after each and every chore.

When you smooth on Jergens Lotion, it doesn't just "coat" your hands. It penetrates right away, to help *replace* that necessary softening moisture. Jergens Lotion has two ingredients doctors recommend for softening. Women must be recommending it, too, for more women use it than any other hand care in the world.

Dorian's husband is the best testimonial to Jergens care. After years of married life, he still loves to hold her hands!

So keep detergents on the job in your house. Just keep Jergens Lotion there, too. Use it like a prescription: three times a day, after every meal!

**Use JERGENS LOTION—avoid detergent hands**

## CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE DOWNEYS' (continued)



Aunt Hattie Gordon presides at the buffet supper table making sure no one misses the delicious hot rolls.



Baskets of trimmings are handed out and everyone helps decorate the big bushy tree. "I can't stand spindly trees," says Mrs. Downey.



Host and hostess (left) enjoy a few free minutes of just sitting and visiting with their guests between tree-trimming and carol singing.



Santa arrives with candy canes for all the children as party ends. Friends start asking about party in August. ♦

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or earrings... Birks Diamond  
Creations bring a timeless touch  
of magic to treasure always.



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# BUY-LINES by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING COLUMN FOR CANADIAN WOMEN



HERE WE ARE in the midst of the glorious Christmas Season . . . so, before we begin our Buy-Lines for December, let me wish you all the Merriest Christmas ever . . . from the moment you open your first be-ribboned package until the last light flickers from your Christmas tree!

CHRISTMAS DINNER is the most festive meal of the year . . . one time when you really want your cooking to captivate. And I promise you it will if you use AC'CENT . . . for this "magic" ingredient (sometimes known as pure monosodium glutamate in recipes these days) makes all kinds of foods taste *naturally better!* And the reason is this . . . AC'CENT adds no flavour or aroma of its own . . . simply brings out and points up the true, natural flavours already in meats, poultry, fish, soups, sauces, vegetables and countless other foods. You don't need any special recipes when you use AC'CENT, either . . . simply cook as you usually do. But don't wait until Christmas to use AC'CENT . . . get it today and try this for a luscious example:



Rub in or sprinkle on 1/2 tsp. AC'CENT per pound of meat, poultry or fish before cooking . . . or add it when mixing loaves or patties. De-e-licious!

When you taste the difference, you'll use AC'CENT as a third shaker . . . as regularly as salt and pepper!

THIS THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY . . . and nothing warms the heart and encourages "happy talk" more than good food shared with your family or good friends. So let me remind you . . . in the kitchen and at the table, WINDSOR SALT brightens the flavour of food! Some of the most popular foods, for instance, have a very delicate flavour . . . a flavour that doesn't "come to life" until that all-important pinch of salt is added. Try this "trick" . . . it makes roast chicken or turkey more delicious:



When the fowl is in the pan, ready to roast, sprinkle it with salt and pepper . . . before you spread on the melted butter! Use WINDSOR SALT in chicken broth, too . . . and in turkey salad and Chicken a la King.

The results speak for themselves . . . WINDSOR SALT really makes a BIG difference between "dull" and "delicious"! That's why Canadian homemakers prefer it to all others . . . and why I urge you to use it to brighten the flavour of all the foods you serve! P.S. It's iodized and always free-running!

WHAT A BLESSING to be independent of freezing, stormy weather on washday . . . and you can be with a FRIGIDAIRE Filtra-matic Clothes DRYER. Clothes dried this way are softer, cleaner and sweeter-smelling than when dried outside, too! They also escape what I call "Clothesline Catastrophe" . . . sun-fading,



dust-filled rain, soot, frost-and-wind damage and unpleasant odors. And Y-O-U escape heavy lifting and carrying, hanging up and taking down the wash piece-by-piece . . . as well as chapped hands. Your FRIGIDAIRE Filtra-matic Clothes Dryer does the work for you . . . all automatically! No need for outside vents, either . . . the Filtrator keeps humidity out of the room and traps lint. And your clothes come out damp-dry for ironing or bone-dry for putting away . . . whichever you prefer. So take that man of yours into a Frigidaire Dealer's Christmas display now . . . or write for Free Booklet to Room 13, 1315 Yonge St., Toronto 5, Ontario. And do it . . . today!

MODESTY IS BECOMING, I know . . . but I'm sure you'll forgive me for boasting a bit about this happy discovery I've made. MIL-KO, the wonderful product I've been recommending to you, is the only powdered skim milk in Canada to carry the Chatelaine Seal of Approval . . . so now you can be extra-sure you're giving your family all the nourishment of fresh milk! That's right . . . MIL-KO is Canada First Grade and pasteurized . . . yet costs only half as much as ordinary milk. MIL-KO is milk, you know . . . fresh, sweet and pasteurized with only the fat and moisture removed . . . contains the important Calcium and other Minerals, Proteins, Riboflavin and Vitamin B Complex of whole, fresh milk. It's oh-so easy to fix, too . . . you just mix with fresh cold water as you need it! And MIL-KO is just as delicious as it is nutritious . . . so use it for drinking, baking, cooking and whipping. But don't ever accept substitutes . . . insist on MIL-KO when you shop!



YOUR WISH COMES TRUE at last . . . for now KRAFT brings you a delicious margarine that spreads smoothly even when ice cold! It's KRAFT'S Parkay and you can take it right from the refrigerator and cut it into neat pats . . . there's no crumbling or splintering ever. You can spread it instantly, too . . . smoothly and lusciously . . . without tearing even the freshest slice of bread. But even so, you can leave new Parkay standing out at kitchen temperature . . . it won't "goo" down or separate. I also find that KRAFT'S Parkay creams faster and better right out of the refrigerator when used as a flavour shortening . . . and melts quicker in the frying pan. But words can't do it justice . . . so try Parkay and see for yourself that it's all I say! And I suggest you do it right away . . . because now you can get lovely 60 gauge Powers Model Nylons for only \$1.00 (almost half price!) when you buy KRAFT'S Parkay Margarine. Look for details at your Grocer's.



HOLIDAY PARTYING is such sweet pleasure . . . yet many a hostess misses out on much of the fun because she's "tied" to a sinkful of dirty pots and pans. And it's so unnecessary . . . for with S.O.S. to lend a helping hand, you can get things clean and make them shine in "no" time! These Magic Scouring Pads really work wonders . . . simply "breeze" through crusted, burned-on food and cut the stubborn grease quickly and easily. That's because S.O.S. is a magic combination of sturdy interwoven fibres and grease-dissolving soap . . . which cleans and polishes all at once! No hard rubbing is needed, either . . . S.O.S. does all the work! It's just as wonderful for cleaning your stove, too . . . try it on the top, the oven rack, broilers, drip and refrigerator pans . . . you'll see what I mean. In fact, my experience proves that S.O.S. is the most useful cleanser there is . . . you're sure to like it! So get a package today . . . then you'll enjoy your holiday hosting much more!



YOUR BABY WILL LAUGH at the cold, blustery winds and frosty weather . . . once you begin bathing baby regularly with BABY'S OWN SOAP! Why? Because it's now enriched with Lanolate<sup>25</sup> . . . a wondrous new discovery made from pure lanolin . . . concentrated 25 times! And I'm sure you're as happy about this as I am . . . for it means that BABY'S OWN SOAP now gives baby's thinner skin even greater protection than ever before! So use it exclusively . . . for all of baby's baths! Be sure to follow with a soothing application of BABY'S OWN OIL, too . . . then smooth on BABY'S OWN POWDER. You see, they're made by specialists

especially for babies . . . contain all the right ingredients to guard baby's tender skin from harm. The pure antiseptic OIL, for instance, also contains lanolin . . . while the POWDER is made from the finest imported Italian talc. All of which should convince you . . . it's wise to follow BABY'S OWN 3-step-protection every day!



KNOW HOW TO MAKE A MAN HAPPY . . . this Christmas? Give him a WATERMAN'S Executive . . . for it's a pen masterpiece from smooth-writing 14 KT Gold Point to brilliant gold-plated cap. It's packaged in a rich, simulated pigskin case that becomes an attractive box for his personal jewelry! Set—\$18.75, with gold-filled caps—\$25.00. And for the ladies on your list, I recommend WATERMAN'S Lady Patricia . . . which features a diamond design silvered cap with contrasting gold-filled clip plus the smooth-writing 14 KT Gold Point. Its exquisite new gift box can also be used as a beautiful jewel case. Set costs only—\$18.75, with gold-filled caps—\$25.00. Another gift you'll be proud to give is WATERMAN'S retractable Sapphire, world's first Jewel Point pen . . . priced at \$5.95. And there's WATERMAN'S Crusader Trio, too . . . including a streamlined pen, matching Metermatic pencil and Ball Pointer at \$12.45. All are gifts with the Magic Touch . . . perfect for him, for her, for everyone!



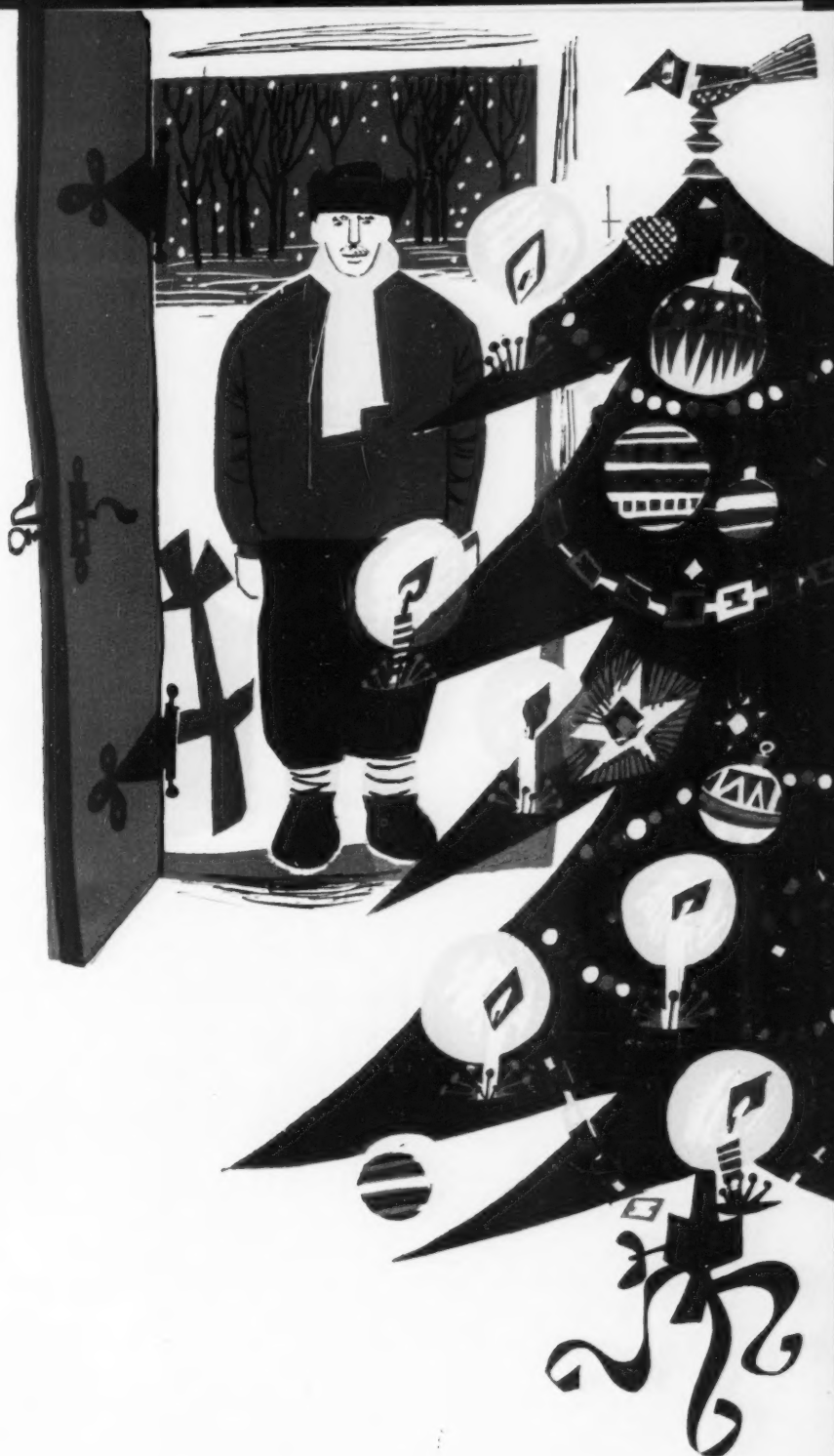
IT'S WINTER HERE and the snow lies deep around our maples . . . however the blue sea, tarmac beaches and warm sun of the south are just hours away by air. So I suggest you plan the winter vacation of your dreams right now . . . fly by TRANS-CANADA Air Lines to Bermuda, Tampa, Nassau, Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbados or some other exotic spot you've always wanted to visit. You'll have the time of your life . . . beginning the very moment you board the luxurious North Star, pride of TCA's Skyliner fleet! It's one of the most dependable and comfortable planes in the air with all the comforts of home . . . and then some! You'll relax in its delightful club-like atmosphere, enjoy delicious appetizing meals . . . and arrive at your chosen "paradise" fresh and rested with extra days for pleasure! Flights are fast, frequent and inexpensive, too . . . so call any TCA Office or your Travel Agent, pick up your ticket, board a limousine to the airport . . . then "Bon Voyage" for your season in the sun!



YOU MAY NOT PLAN IT THAT WAY . . . but I wager you'll be having many an "open house" between now and New Year's. And that's wonderful . . . for parties that "just happen" seem merrier, for some reason, than those you've carefully planned. But be prepared for this impromptu entertaining . . . by keeping plenty of "fixings" on hand for easy-to-make, luscious-to-taste refreshments. And if I were you, I'd "serve" SWEET CAP CORKS at every friendly gathering . . . because this distinctive cigarette combines cool mildness and rich flavour to such perfection that I'm sure your guests will prefer them! That extra-wide band of smooth cork at the tips is wonderful too . . . it's so smart looking and so-o-o smooth to your lips! Cartons of SWEET CAP CORKS also make marvelous Christmas gifts . . . something to remember when you do your shopping. However, only smoking is believing . . . so treat yourself to a pack of SWEET CAP CORKS and see!



# Last Delivery Before Christmas



*Illustrated by Oscar Cahen*

*That year Ronnie learned how the best Christmas present  
of all may come from the heart* By ERNEST BUCKLER

MY FATHER had been dead two years, and that August my mother married again. She married Syd Weston. It was that circumstance which . . . But you would have to understand quite thoroughly about Mother and Syd and me to have any of that following Christmas make sense.

For Mother's sake I tried not to let resentment of my stepfather show. But a child of ten doesn't have the technique for that kind of acting. *I* didn't, anyway. I remember how angry I used to get with my face sometimes. Other people's faces could keep a secret for them. But whenever I'd glimpse mine in any reflecting surface it seemed to be tattling everything that went on behind it.

I suppose I got that from my father. Though with a crucial difference. His face used to be right out with everything, too, but in an expansive entirely unself-conscious way. I believe, if you'd asked him to describe his face, he'd have had to *think* a minute to know what it really looked like. (Where had that outward look gone, I wondered, the day they took me in to look at him, with the flower smell like a silence gone sickly in the parlor, and the yellower sections of the drawn-down blinds like the first hint of a mortality even in the green fields outside?)

He never turned things

*Continued on page 30*



Queen Elizabeth lands at Tonga on December 20 to return Salote's royal visit of June 2.



Queen Salote lent this recent unpublished portrait to Chatelaine at Auckland interview.

# When our Queen Visits Salote of the South Seas

*Meet the Commonwealth's other queen, the woman whose smile the Coronation deluge couldn't dampen. And visit the tropical paradise where this month she welcomes Queen Elizabeth and Philip*

By JIM HENDERSON

WELLINGTON, N.Z.

FIVE DAYS BEFORE this Christmas Elizabeth the Second will return a visit of the Commonwealth's other reigning queen, Salote of Tonga, to her island kingdom more than a thousand miles north of the tip of New Zealand far out in the blue and beautiful South Pacific.

When the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh step from their launch to the flower-bedecked

wharf at Nukualofa that Sunday morning they will meet again the handsome dusky monarch who became an instant favorite with Coronation crowds last June. Salote, who stands six feet three inches and weighs two hundred and sixty pounds, will tower over her visitors as she greets them on behalf of the 50,000 residents of the hundred and fifty Friendly Isles of Tonga.

As they drive in Queen Salote's Humber car

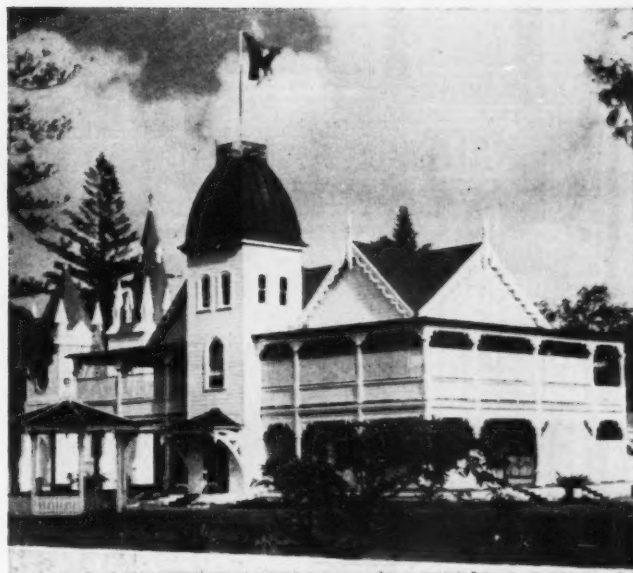
through the palm-fringed streets, paved with coral, and under the processional arches the royal visitors are likely to recall another procession this spring when Salote of Tonga spurned a top on her carriage and completed the tour in great good humor that the rain could not quench.

Early in the day the Queen and her consort will attend a combined Anglican and Wesleyan church service. All Tongans are Christians and

Family photos from Queen Salote's personal album



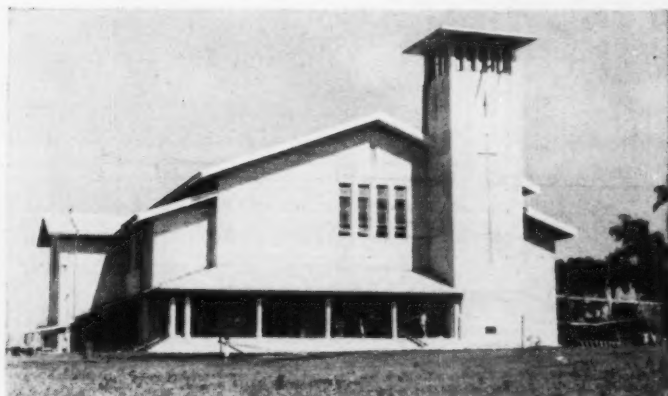
**Elizabeth** will be met early on Sunday morning by Salote and her eldest son, Prince Tungi.



**She'll sample** native dishes at a great outdoor feast near the palace.



**In Salote's car** royal couple will drive along coral-paved streets arched with greenery.



**The Queen** will attend joint service at the capital's new Methodist church.



**She'll meet** families of royal sons, Prince Tungi (left) and Prince Tuilelehake.



**But royal couple** won't see native dancing because their visit is on the Sabbath.

three of every four, including fifty-three-year-old Salote, are Wesleyans.

There may be time for the visitors to go from the royal palace and see the massive royal tombs, some of them covering three quarters of an acre and built of stone blocks weighing as much as thirty tons. One king occupied his tomb prematurely when his enforced tomb-building intruded upon the yam harvest. Vexed subjects did away

with him. Near the great tombs stands a mysterious marble archway, its origins as shrouded in speculation as England's Stonehenge. It is fifteen feet high and is built of three great stones, the one on top neatly morticed into the two pillars. At the other end of the island the eerie Wood of Bats lies brooding, sinister even by daylight. In this forest live thousands of batlike flying foxes who hang head down from the

branches, venturing out at night like demons to raid the plantations of their fruit. The Queen will hear a local superstition repeated: when a white flying fox appears the local chief is sure to die.

Later a thousand guests will gather near the palace for a great feast for the royal visitors from the land of Captain Cook who sailed to the islands almost two

*Continued on page 67*

# That was really Christmas

by  
Kate Aitken

*Beginning the warm and witty memoirs of a woman whose small-town childhood gave her a zest for life which has made her Canada's liveliest radio personality*



AS ANOTHER CHRISTMAS APPROACHES and padded caricatures of Santa Claus blossom out in false whiskers and hearty laughter in every toyland from St. John's to Nanaimo, I know that mixed among the greeting cards in my mailbag once again I'll find troubled letters from mothers worried for fear their children are getting a cheap and tawdry idea of Christmas.

"Christmas is just gimme, gimme, gimme, now . . ." these mothers will write to me, while the newspapers will quote eminent clergymen urging us to "put Christ back into Christmas." And I confess I never pass a vacant lot bristling with Christmas trees or a store window full of dolls that my mind doesn't go back to my childhood in the little up-country village of Beeton, Ont., and that I don't reflect that Christmas was really Christmas then.

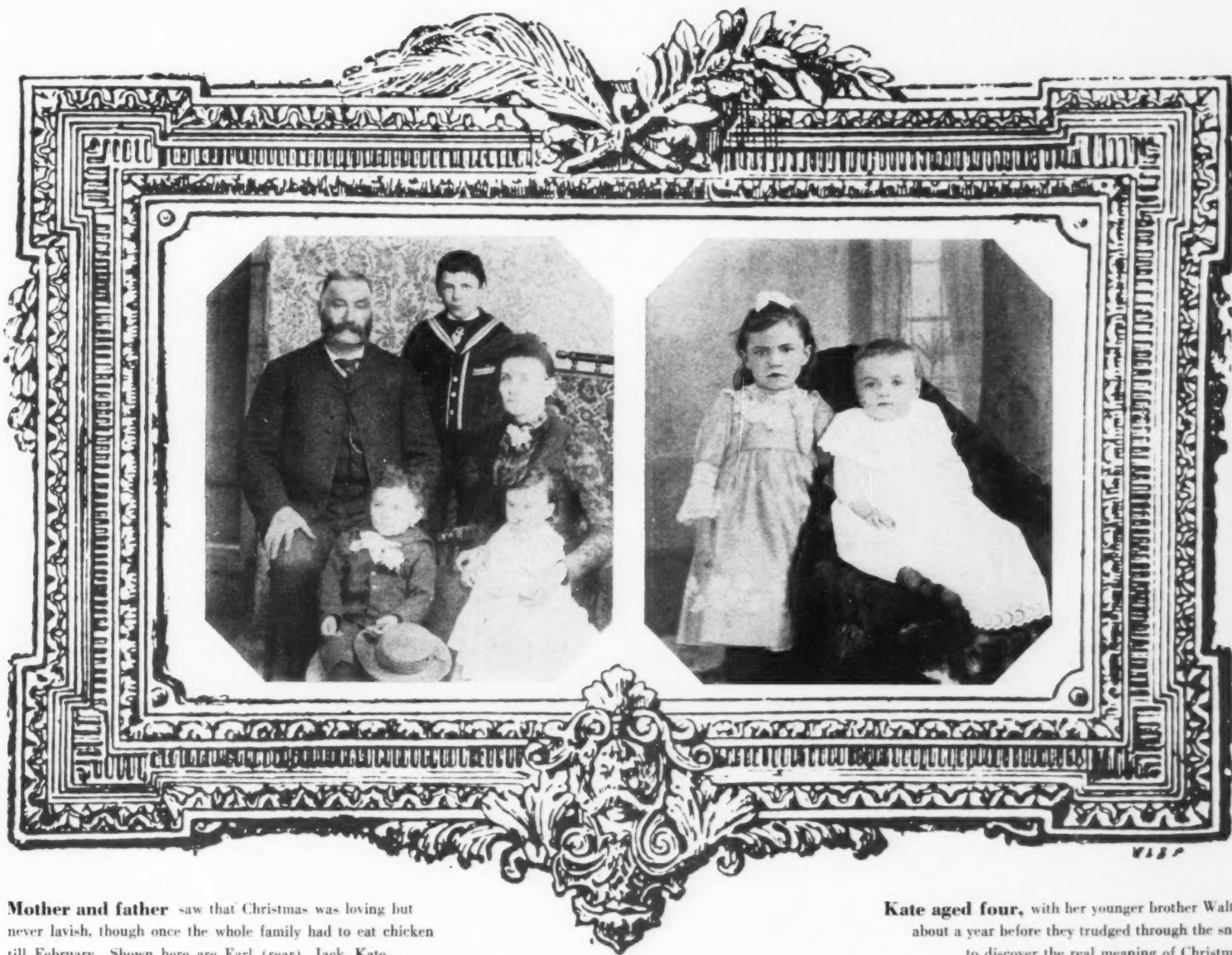
My father ran a general store that to Beeton was Eaton's, Simpson's and the Hudson's Bay all rolled into one. The big sign on the false

front over the store said "R. Scott, Dry-Goods, Millinery, Boots & Shoes . . ." There were six of us Scott children and each new Christmas season came to us out of breathlessly opened cases of dolls, five-gallon pails full of hard candies that glittered like jewels and counters spread with what seemed to us wonderful toys. We were surrounded with the commercial trappings of Christmas—but for us Christmas itself remained a simple, heartfelt family celebration, in which "the birth of the Babe" was never forgotten.

This was due partly to the times, when cash was hard come by and business was still done mostly by barter. But it was due much more to my parents—Robert Scott, general merchant, and his wife Anne—who made our Christmas a loving and not a lavish celebration. They saw to it that the great holiday occasions were the final choir practice before Christmas Sunday (Father led the choir and brought the singers to our house for the occasion) and the annual

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Next month Kate recalls "the Biggest Night of the Week"



**Mother and father** saw that Christmas was loving but never lavish, though once the whole family had to eat chicken till February. Shown here are Earl (rear), Jack, Kate.

**Kate aged four**, with her younger brother Walter, about a year before they trudged through the snow to discover the real meaning of Christmas.

Christmas concert, against which splendid events our exchange of gifts at the family tree was kept in proper perspective.

I remember that Christmas really came alive for me when I was five years old. It was the winter of the heavy snows when frost came early in November and the snow began to fall three weeks later. Our whole world, bounded by the wooded hills which surrounded our small village, was snow-encrusted.

That fall, young as I was, I had known that our vibrant, energetic mother wasn't feeling just at her best—that in the morning her gay whistling down in the kitchen wasn't as lighthearted as usual. Then came the day of the heavy, soft, silent fall of snow. At nine o'clock that morning my younger brother and I were bundled up and dispatched to the home of the local schoolmaster, Joseph McPherson.

We couldn't understand it. Why were we sent from our own home into the home of a highly respected but rather austere stranger—there to stay all through the morning, all through the long afternoon, homesick and bewildered?

Finally at four o'clock in the afternoon, one of our older brothers called for us.

"We've a new baby," he crowed. "It's time to come home."

Down we trudged through the village streets with the snow falling, and came at last to our own house, safe and secure, warm and loving. Mother was in the big bed in the downstairs bedroom, and cradled in the fold of her arm was the tiniest baby we had ever seen. Mother

was white, she was exhausted, she was exultant, and the baby to us was like a tiny doll. I remember touching the tiny hands, holding the little pink feet and Mother saying to us, "This is your Christmas present. It's a new baby and her name is Margaret."

The following Sunday when we went to Sunday school and got our Christmas cards with the picture of the infant Jesus, we thought, "But our baby is more wonderful than that." After that year, Christmas could never lose its meaning.

We lived in a huge old-fashioned house built beside and above my father's store. And what a store that was. The main floor was divided into a dry-goods department on one side and groceries on the other. Upstairs were the men's suits and the millinery department. It seemed you could buy anything in my father's store.

Christmas was the busiest time of the whole year in the store. A month beforehand arrived the first of the season's treasures—shipments of very rare Christmas oranges—tiny, puny little things as compared with today's seedless wonders, but in those days an unimaginable annual treat. Then came the huge

*Continued on page 74*



**Christmas trees** decked the general store in Beeton where farmers bartered butter and fowl for gifts.



The "royal bedroom" boasts a huge brass bed as well as the armoire where the Duke of Windsor kept his changes of clothes when he visited Halifax as Prince of Wales.



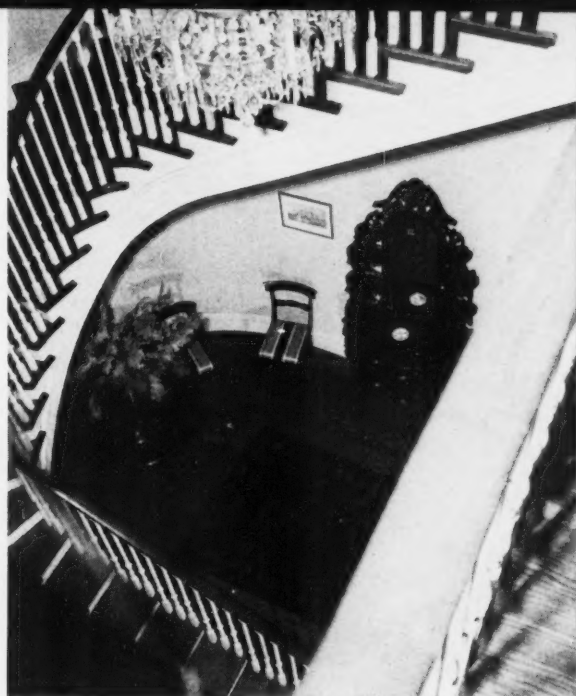
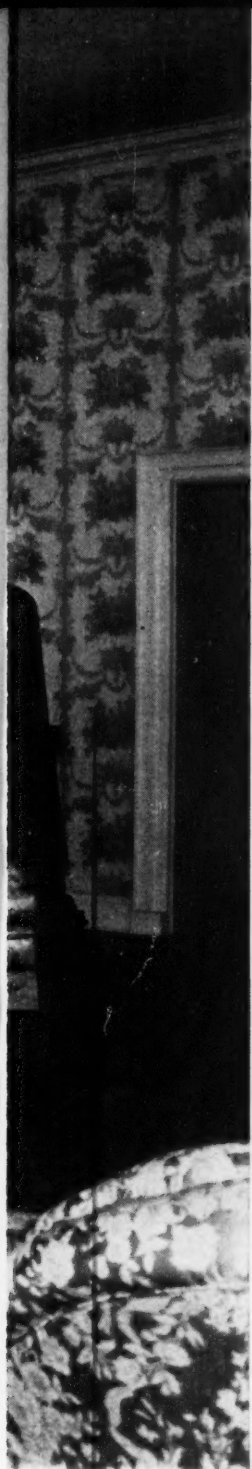
This door closed to shun a tawdry neighbor, so guests now enter by the back door.

*Government House in Halifax started life as a Georgian belle one hundred and fifty-three years ago. Now a dignified dowager who once turned her back on a scarlet neighbor, this house has played hostess to five monarchs*

## A PALACE

DOWN IN THE HEART of Halifax where the business section slides off into a shabby rooming-house district stands the stately Georgian mansion that is to Halifax what Buckingham Palace is to London. Government House, the official residence of the lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia, is the oldest government house in Canada and, although few Canadians realize it, one of the most beautiful examples of Georgian architecture on the North American continent.

It's a proud aristocrat of a house that dis-



Once hidden by ugly cupboards which were torn out during a recent renovation, the hanging staircase reveals its graceful lines.



Queen Elizabeth and Philip dined on partridge and anchovy at this mahogany table which has been used since the house was built.



Lieutenant-Governor (right) and Mrs. Fraser (centre) gave a party when Gen. Sir Archibald Nye (left) visited them last summer.



Gold-leaf plaster valances grace the drawing room where flustered officials once presented three bouquets in a row to Lady Dufferin.

# AWAY FROM HOME

BY DORIS McCUBBIN

dainfully ignores the indignity of having a fish factory for a neighbor, secure in the knowledge that into its spacious hallway have stepped nine members of the royal family, including four princes who became kings of England, as well as our present Queen. It has received such distinguished guests as Winston Churchill, Charles Dickens, Sir Harry Lauder, Admiral Jellicoe, Joseph Howe, Charles Tupper, Sir John A. Macdonald, and a parade of governors-general. So impressive is the roster of greats who have

supped, danced and slept within its walls that one irreverent tourist wisecracked to her guide, "I see—a palace away from home."

Government House was built in 1800 of Nova Scotian sandstone, with walls three feet thick and iron shutters over the windows so that it could double as a fortress in case Napoleon's navy or an overbold pirate decided to raid the brash young fortress town. Two bow-fronted wings flank a three-storied central section. Among its chief attractions are a curved

hanging staircase and three Adam fireplaces.

The house has seen both good and bad days. It has come through a fire, three wars and two explosions. It has been threatened with demolition and overmodernization. In 1873 the premier of the province, William Annand, decided it was an unnecessary expense and tried unsuccessfully to sell it as a hotel. During the last war some members of the legislature wanted to turn it into a museum or art gallery. From time to time

*Continued on page 56*



# BACHELOR BEWARE!

*HARRIS*



*After all there is nothing very sinister about a girl's car breaking down. But if the girl can cook, too, and is engaged to a man called Hazlett, better watch out*

**BY MARY KNOWLES**

*Illustrated by Ted Harris*

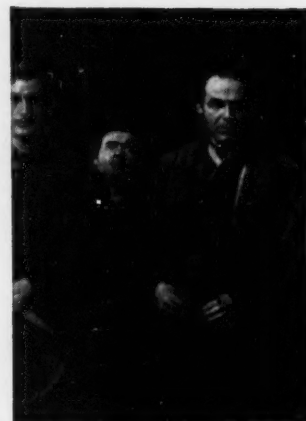
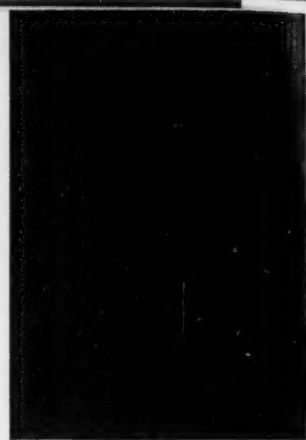
BARNEY DENNISON was pulled from the depths of heavy Sunday-morning slumber by a sound that went, "ch-uh-uh-uh-uh-ptptaaaah." He thought sleepily, Some fool trying to start a car. Must be an old heap. Devil to start in this zero weather. Suddenly he found himself listening intently, straining with the motor, feeling a spark of hope as it sputtered, then lying spent and exhausted as it died.

He thought, The half-wit will wear his battery down that way. Why doesn't he pull out the choke? The labored breathing of the engine began again. Barney had the window up and he was yelling, "Choke it! Choke it!" to the snow-covered sedan parked below in the driveway between the rooming house and the apartment house next door, before he realized he was out of bed clad only in pyjama bottoms.

The car window rolled down and he was surprised to see a girl's head poke out. "Beg pardon?" she asked.

Barney grabbed the flowered drape and held it in front of him. The girl's eyes

*Continued on page 61*



"This is me, June Grant, from Halifax, after I landed my first big role in the musical, Paint Your Wagon — and started eating regularly again."

# Do Put Your Daughter

The giddy chronicle of a Nova Scotia girl who found a place in London show business



"As lusty Elizabeth, I share 'our' Mormon husband with Joyce Neale, an English girl who is my roommate."



"A meditative moment in Paint Your Wagon. Now that I'm earning \$60 a week, no more Bath buns and tea."



"Doing a musical is lots of fun. But I hope some day soon I'll be singing at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden."

# On The Stage

because she could type with two fingers, as well as sing

BY JUNE GRANT

CHATELAINE — DECEMBER, 1953

I AM WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL a Canadian community effort. When I reach my objective and become an opera singer the credit (or blame) will be due less to my talent and ambition than to the people of Halifax. With their help I have been studying in London for the past three years and trying to get a foothold on the slippery slope that reaches to success. Between periods of high hope and a balanced budget I've been broke, hungry and discouraged. I feel sure I would long since have fallen flat on my face if I hadn't had my home town pulling for me.

In a purely literal sense it would take quite a bit of pulling to propel me in any direction. I am five feet five inches tall, and even on a starvation diet my weight is a consistent one hundred and sixty pounds. These proportions are no handicap to an opera star, which I hope to be, nor do they noticeably affect the efficiency of a typist, which I have been and may well be again. But they are an impediment to a musical comedy performer, which is what I am now. I play the second female lead of Elizabeth, the less seductive of a Mormon's two wives, in the American musical *Paint Your Wagon*, a tremendous Coronation-year success. According to my agent the producers auditioned hundreds of girls before they found one who was big, rough, blond, contralto and had a strong American accent. Well, that's me. I'm really a soprano and my accent is strong Canadian but fortunately the English director couldn't tell the difference.

If I have to reach opera by way of musical comedy I may be forced to trim a few pounds from my waist and hips, but my mind no longer turns with ease to thoughts of low-calory, vitamin-rich lettuce and grapefruit. Until I landed my sixty-dollar-a-week part in *Paint Your Wagon* the question wasn't what would I eat, but *would* I eat. Only a year ago a friend and I deliberated for fifteen minutes one morning on the shrewdest way to spend our last sixpence—should we buy two buns, or share one bun and one cup of tea. (We settled on the latter.)

The jump from Halifax and a full diet of mother's cooking to London and irregular carbohydrates was accomplished on a thousand-dollar scholarship from the Talent Trust of Nova Scotia. There *Continued on page 43*

"I toured with the Carl Rosa Opera Co. till it went broke. Coach Ted Downes and I tried the stocks in Yorkshire."





# LOOK WHAT'S



1

**Quick Chicken Pie** is baked and served right at the table in the handy plug-in ovenette. Equipped with temperature control and a special set of pans to fit, this appliance can bake pies, muffins, coffee cakes, as well as supper dishes. Cover fits top during baking. (Recipe on page 50.)

**Make these  
holiday  
treats from  
Chatelaine  
Institute  
the easy  
plug-in way**

## ... and see how new kitchen aids and ideas

**IT'S CHRISTMAS TIME AGAIN!** A time for turkeys and trees, ham and holly, lights and laughter, family and friends.

It's that wonderful, sparkling, jingle-bells time of the year when family units are knit more closely by doing things together as each family observes its own separate holiday customs.

It's a time of old-fashionedness and tradition, and dear familiarity, with old friends, with the wonderful Christmas story, the beautiful Christmas carols we love to sing, the gay decorations, and the special food so traditional for this season.

It's a time for happiness and hospitality. A time of friends dropping in, of easy informal parties, of buffet suppers, and, dear busy homemaker, a time to be oh-so-thankful for all those gleaming plug-in helpers you have in your 1953 Canadian kitchen.

In your home and in countless other homes throughout Canada there will be thousands, even millions, of parties given this Christmas time to spread the happiness and hospitality of this holiday season. But do make sure that you too enjoy the hectic tempo of these exciting pre-Christmas days. Make your parties thoroughly

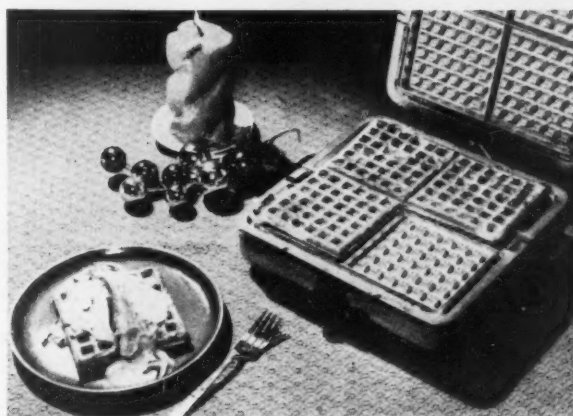
enjoyable not only to your guests but to you as well. And the surest way to do this is to make it everybody's party.

Plan your party well so you can be serene. Don't attempt more than you can handle (one divine casserole is much more memorable than four fussy nondescript dishes), and let your guests help. They'll love it. Let someone keep an eye on the chafing dish, or your rotisserie. Let that bragging male prove his avowed prowess with the waffle iron or the corn popper, let the beauty in the sparkly white dress gently stir that heavenly smelling casserole on the supper table.

# HAPPENING TO LIVING



**2** **Cheese Puffs**, crisp and hot, are fine for holiday appetizers and extra special if made as you need them in an automatic deep-fat fryer that's an electric cooker as well. For hungry guests on a cold night use this dual purpose appliance for chowders or chili. (Cheese Puff recipe on page 50).



**3** **Waffles** are party fare when cooked at the table in a temperature-controlled combination griddle and waffle iron. Serve with creamed mushrooms and crisp bacon or chicken à la king for main supper course. For a dessert treat offer gingerbread waffles with ice cream.



**4** **Ham Steaks** sizzle beside their accompaniment of pineapple slices on the spacious griddle plugged in for a quick meal. The same piping-hot cooking surface makes pancakes or French toast for gala "brunches" and turns out hamburgers by the dozen for the teen-agers' after-game party.

Three more treats on the next page

## can help you all year round

BY LAURA HARRIS

First thing you know everyone is relaxed and having the time of their lives, including you.

That is real hospitality. That is the kind of party that will be remembered happily. And isn't it a blessing that it is also the kind of party you can give often because it is so little trouble. People love to help. No longer does one person reign supreme in the kitchen, for nowadays everyone has fun helping in the kitchen, Christmas time, dinner time, any time.

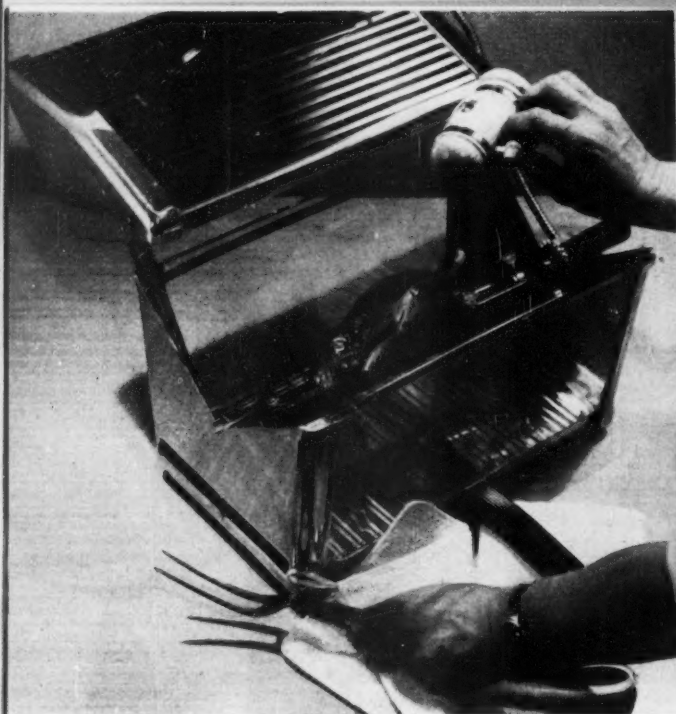
Our modern electric kitchen appliances are largely responsible for this state of things. They open up a whole new vista of unusual dishes

with the ease with which they work. Experiment with them and you'll find what used to be drudgery has turned into fun and you and your family and friends are having the time of your lives—together.

We have one family who visits us complete with four children, but since the day they discovered the fun of putting a whole egg, shell and all, into our blender to make milk shakes, we can't get them out of the kitchen. We often have to shoo them out in fact so we adults can use the blender ourselves to mix drinks.

Now how do you like your coffee—drift pot,

drip, percolator or vacuum? Whatever your choice there is a handy and handsome coffee maker for you. Fast hot plates for your drift pot, attractive glass coffee makers with their own tray and hot plate, tall, gleaming chromium percolators that plug in anywhere, and for the vacuum-pot users there are several kinds, the ultimate being the automatic coffee maker. With this all you do is put in the water and the coffee, flick one little switch and forget it. It makes coffee in exactly the right length of time, every time, turns down the heat to low when it's finished and keeps it hot till you pour it. No,



5

**Barbecue Chicken**, spareribs or roasts done to perfection in the electric table broiler or rotisserie for delicious festive meals. Glass sides and swing-away cover prevent spattering on table or wall. Meats on spit revolve while they cook. Flat steaks or chops are broiled on long-handled grill.



6

**Popcorn** adds fun to Christmas parties for children and grownups particularly if the "popping" can be seen. There'll be lots of popped corn to watch, to eat and make into balls with this electric appliance that's plugged in as easily as an electric kettle or toaster. Has a heat-proof glass lid. Handy on the table to warm rolls and inexpensive, too.

#### SEVEN TREATS (continued)

7

**Holiday Chop Suey** for a crowd is no trouble to cook, keep warm or serve in this generous-sized roaster oven. Simply connect to any wall electric outlet, set heat control to desired temperature and the oven cooks just like your electric range. It may be used as photographed here or for baking a family dinner of meat, potatoes and vegetables. Included is a set of ovenware to fit, and through the glass panel of the cover you can watch cooking progress. You can roast a ten-to-twelve-pound turkey in this handy plug-in roaster and leave your oven free to handle all the rest of a company dinner. Or fill it with savory baked beans and take it with you for a picnic. Easy to care for and attractive to look at, it is popular in any household and especially in one where ordinary cooking facilities are limited to top burners only. More Institute ideas and recipes on page 50.



**Recipes  
on  
page 50**

#### HOT OF HELPERS (continued)

it doesn't do that for you. If you're an instant-coffee user, let's plug in one of our favorite appliances, the electric tea kettle, and by the time you can say Chatelaine Magazine the water is boiling and your cup of coffee is ready.

How fortunate the Canadian housewife is, because, you know, these electric tea kettles are a strictly Canadian appliance. They are not on the market south of the border. At dinner time, for vegetables like cauliflower and asparagus that need boiling water, it saves a stove element, and for endless small uses of hot water we find ours constantly plugged in. For tea-making out on the terrace or the veranda it's a natural.

So here's coffee made the way you like it.

And if you are one of those who say electric coffee makers do not make good coffee, take a word of advice. Don't blame the appliance, use more coffee.

If you like to grind your own coffee there are two or three excellent electric coffee grinders on the Canadian market. There are also coffee-grinder attachments for your food mixer. And if you own a blender you can grind it in that. But we find that the Canadian housewife gets her coffee freshly ground in the grocery store now each time she buys it which is the reason these appliances are getting harder and harder to find.

When you buy electric kitchen appliances be

sure to get the ones you can use most for more than one job. Multi-purpose, that is the trend. Multi-purpose and mobile, accurate and automatic. And be sure you buy from a reliable dealer.

Take irons. The heavy iron is gone. The dry iron is going. The trend is to a light automatic combination steam and dry iron. There are several on the market right now. At least two of them have been introduced in the last six months. This new duo-purpose iron Canadian women are buying is light. It heats in thirty seconds and is completely automatic for every type of modern fabric. You can have your 1954 iron with a closed

*Continued on page 51*

# How to find time at CHRISTMAS



*Just plan quick, easy meals with brimming  
bowls of good hot soup*

BY *Anne Marshall*



ANNE MARSHALL  
Director Home Economics  
Campbell Soup Company Ltd

Here comes that happy, breathless season again! Probably you're saying, "Oh, for more shopping-wrapping time!" And besides, you still have meals to get—good, hearty meals for good, healthy appetites.

But cheer up! You'll find help . . . and time . . . and grand good eating—all three! Just choose a favorite soup from your Soup Shelf. Add a platter of eggs, or quick-broil some sausages, or heat a casserole of beans—and there's your meal. And how welcome on winter days—meals that include heart-warming bowls of good hot soup.

On this page are some lunch and supper suggestions—with help from your Soup Shelf. So, as we enter another Holiday Season, here's more Merry Christmas-time to you!



*A good cook keeps a  
full Soup Shelf*

**Plan these  
good meals  
around  
tomato soup**

{ Ham and Potato Cakes  
Beans and Pork, Salad  
Bacon Omelet, Toast  
Codfish Cakes, Slaw

**With green pea  
soup you  
might serve**

{ Franks and Relishes  
Chili, Green Salad  
Chicken Hash, Muffins  
Creamed Tuna, Fruit

**Beef noodle  
soup goes  
well with**

{ Macaroni and Cheese  
Hot Potato Salad  
Waffle and Syrup  
Stuffed Peppers, Salad

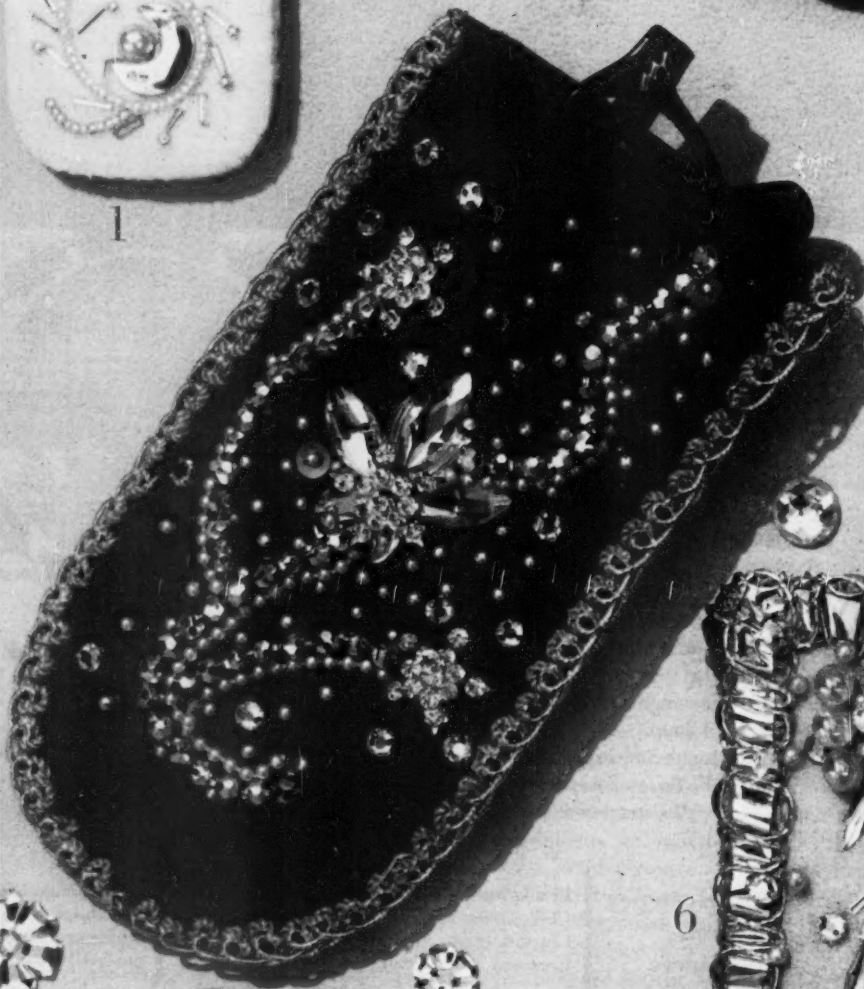
CAMPBELL'S ARE CANADA'S FAVORITE SOUPS



1



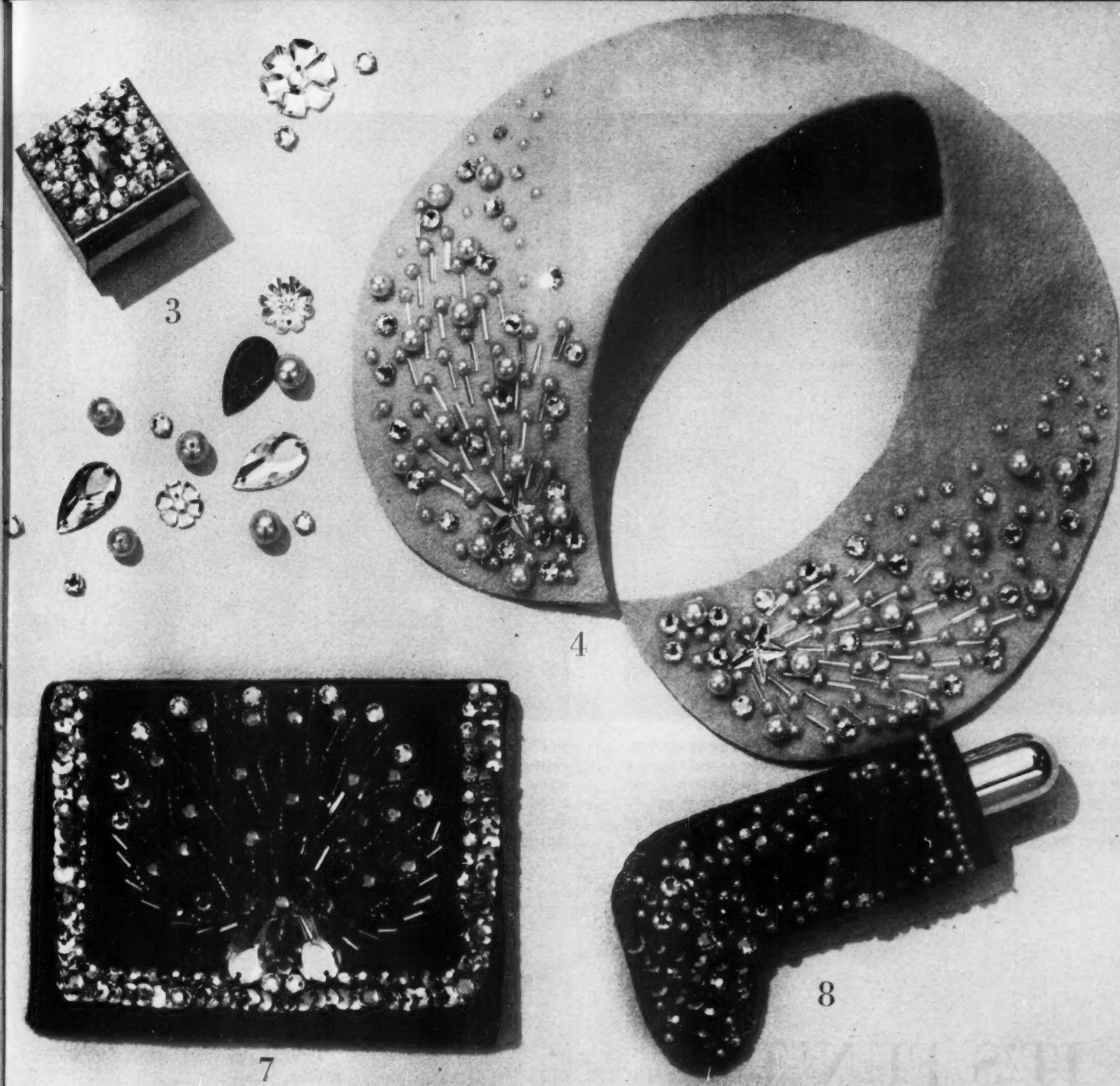
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5



6



## GLITTER GIFTS YOU CAN MAKE YOURSELF

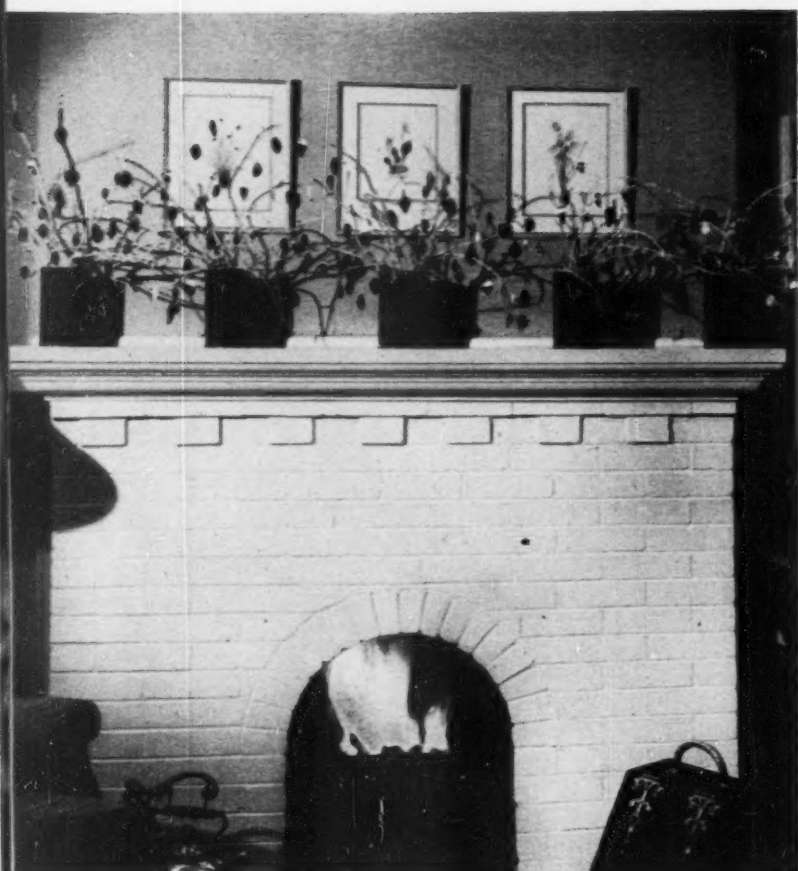
*We photographed them actual size so that you can use the pictures for your patterns*

BY ROSEMARY BOXER,  
*Fashion and Beauty Editor*

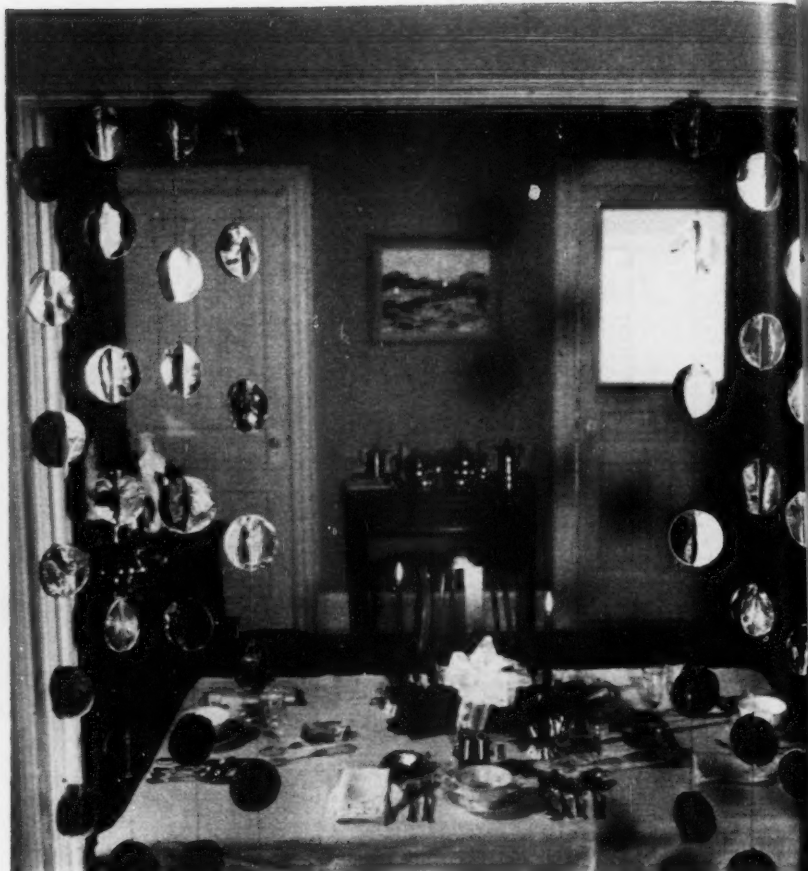
Just in time for Christmas, fashion endorsed a new jewel-encrusted look for accessories and it's catching on. Skirts, gloves and even full-length evening gowns are sparkling. With this new gleam-look in mind, we dreamed up eight glamorous gift suggestions. You're probably hunting right now for last-minute presents to give your friends and relatives and you can make any one of these accessories in no time. They'll delight those hard-to-please people on your list. All you need is colored hat felt, metallic braid, sequins and a dollar's

worth of mixed sew-on gems. You can buy them at any good notions corner. And for patterns you can use the pictures on this page — that's why we photographed each item actual size.

After you've cut out your felt pattern and sewn the sides, pour out your king's ransom on the table and unleash your imagination. You can design all sorts of fairyland patterns and they're fun to make up. **1.** Comb case. **2.** Cologne carrier. **3.** Pill box. **4.** Collar for classic sweaters. **5.** Glasses case. **6.** Compact case. **7.** Change purse or evening bag. **8.** Lipstick holder.



**DECK THE MANTEL** with fruit juice cans. You can start saving the forty-eight-ounce size now. Remove the tops with a can opener so that there is a perfectly smooth edge. Paint them any color that fits in with your living-room color scheme. Gather some small branches from a convenient bush and dip them or paint them the color you wish—white is our choice. Cut various leaf shapes out of colored gift-wrapping foil. Tie them to branches with thread.



**GLITTER IN THE ARCHWAY.** Paste two sheets of colored gift-wrapping foil together. Then cut three-inch circles out of these pasted sheets. On your sewing machine sew the circles together in pairs with heavy thread by running a line of stitches down the middle. Leave a space on the thread, then sew another pair together. Continue until streamer is desired length. Open out the sections of your circles at right angles to each other, and hang from arch.

# IT'S FUN TO DO YOUR OWN FESTOONING

BY LAURA ALIMAN

**NATTY NUT CUP.** Glue an ordinary aluminum-foil baking cup on a circle of colored foil or construction paper. Gather a strip of Cellophane or crepe paper into a frill which you paste around the outside of the cup. Finish your nut cup off with a ribbon bow which you decorate with sequins or stars.

**CRACKER CENTREPIECE.** Make a cardboard tube in a suitable size for your table. Cover with crepe paper, frilling the ends and decorating them with stars. Tie a bow around middle. Fill cracker with favors, attach to each guest's plate by a colored ribbon.

**TART TIN CANDLE HOLDER.** Use a cold chisel to cut a cross in bottom of an ordinary tart tin. Spread back the points. Cement the bottom of this tart tin to bottom of another tart tin. While cement is wet, push in short ends of Cellophane straws for a decoration.



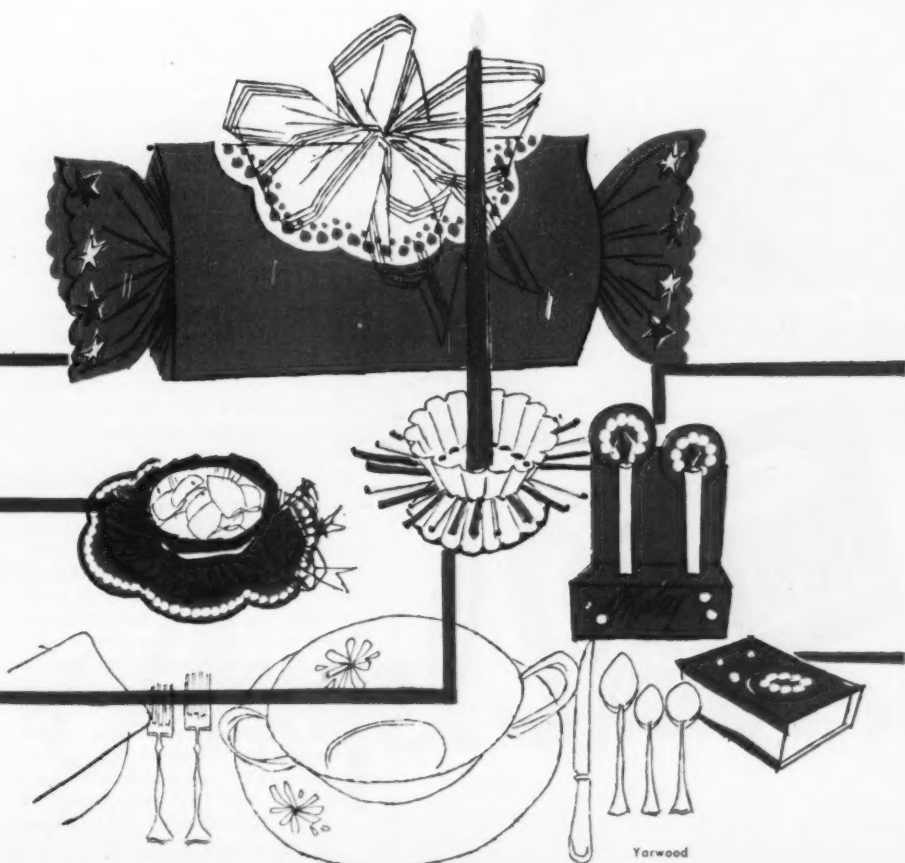
**STARS ON THE STAIRWAY.** Take green mosquito netting and stud with gummed stars. Swag it under the handrail with thumbtacks. Decorate with these medallions: Pleat a strip (six times longer than wide) of foil as for a fan. Cut design in one folded edge. Stitch at one end. Spread, and paste edges together.



**BEAUTIFY A BOTTLE.** Decorate an ordinary wine bottle and plain glasses by gluing rows of rickrack and stars around them. Christmas greeting may be painted on with colored nail polish. To cheer up a candlestick, gather a bundle of colored Cellophane straws together and tie them tightly around its base.



**DOOR DECORATION.** Cut from a sheet of wire screening two Christmas-tree shapes. Paste bias tape around all edges. Hand-sew shapes together down the centre with colored wool or string. Open out the front shape. Tie on painted cones, nuts, or bright baubles.



**CIGARETTE CANDLE FAVORS.** Take a strip of colored cardboard or construction paper about 5 inches long and 2 inches wide. Fold to make an open-ended box about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch deep with a back about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches high. Make two holes in top of box with a pencil and insert cigarettes for candles. Cut "flames" from red Cellophane or foil. Cut two red or yellow circles and paste to back for candle glow. Paste or paint your guest's name on front.

**ILLUMINATE A MATCHBOX.** If your Christmas budget doesn't stretch to individual table favors for dinner on the Big Day, try this: Save ordinary matchboxes, and cover them neatly with colored foil or paper. Decorate them with sequins, small cones, gold stars, Christmas seals, fancy buttons, rickrack—we'll let your own imagination take over from here. To add to the fun compose a poem or riddle for each box, to be read at dinner. ♦

## LAST DELIVERY BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 11

over in his mind as I did. I suppose I got that from Mother. I have that curse of sensing immediately the degree of discordance among any group I enter—with a sort of responsibility, as if the guilt for it were my own. Mother had that too.

That's why most of the time I tried to hide from her how Syd and I jarred. Syd's face hardly told on him at all. It just seemed to listen.

Syd was no stranger. His small tidy farm was right next to ours. There wasn't even a fence along the line between us. I remember that when Father would mow there first the swath would go across the line and back,

crooked as a ram's horn; but when Syd made the first cut his swath would be straight as a die, just inside the line on his part.

The only time I had ever seen Syd's face give him away was the day of my father's funeral. Heartbroken though I was that day I studied everyone's face, as any child will, to see how they were feeling and to see what kind of look each of them was giving me. A simulated grief sat on the other faces like a kind of demureness but Syd's face had such a look it startled me right out of myself. It had a sort of desperate, waking-in-a-strange-place look, especially when he glanced at Mother.

He would never come into our house after that. But how many times, it seemed by accident, he would be working alongside the road when I went by and ask me how we were making out. And it got so I went over

to his place quite a bit. He would let me take the reins of the team until we came to a ditch or had to cross the main road, and let me pick out small rocks to chink the well with, in a way that made me feel as if I were grown-up and doing a man's work. I remember how I'd spit sideways when both my hands were busy, the way men do.

I never felt any constraint with him then—unless some of the other kids came by; then I'd make some excuse to leave immediately. Because, among ourselves, we called him "old man Weston." Not because he was old or cranky, but because he lived alone. And no one is as cruelly ostracized by kids as someone a little "different."

I remember one day I said to him, "Syd, why didn't you ever get married?" It used to be a gig of mine to try to startle people with odd questions like that. But Syd's face didn't alter a bit.

"Well now, I don't know," he said.

"Y'know, Syd," I said, "you look real good when you're dressed up and Mum said you used to be the best dancer she ever danced with!"

"Did she now?" he said. His face didn't change then either, but he brushed away the shavings from the auger hole he was boring, with a sudden little movement that reminded me somehow of the way a dust devil will catch at a neat windrow of hay and disarrange it.

He never talked about Mother directly. But occasionally when I would do or say something that I couldn't see was any way different from the way anyone else would do or say it, he would murmur: "Ain't that Laura for you!" Laura was my mother.

I knew, of course, that Syd had gone with Mother when they were both young, from hearing the women joke her about it sometimes. "Do you mind how we used to cross out Syd Weston's name with yours in school and they'd both come out 'marriage'?" or "Is it true that Syd was hangin' off till he had a hundred dollars in the bank?"

And I knew how Jess Matthews (that was my father) had come here to Westfield with a lumbering crew and married her within a month. It was a sort of local legend how that night at the pie social when he did the tricks (he could do tricks that no one could see through) he got Mother to come up and hold out her left hand and, after exhibiting his own empty palms and rolling up his sleeves, made a quick magician's gesture in the air and before she knew it there was an engagement ring on her finger, and she standing there looking as if she didn't know whether she wanted to laugh or cry.

Father was always laughing, or ready to laugh. He'd pay the fiddler as much as five dollars to play an extra hour at the Friday-night dances in the schoolhouse; and there was always a bunch of kids hanging around him. He could turn out to have completely forgotten something he'd promised you, something you'd counted on for days; and then with just some conspiratorial little nudge or wink become as infallible as ever, and make you feel as big and wonderful as he was.

I mentioned that pie social affair to Mother one time. "Was Syd there that night?" I asked.

"No," she said. "He had to haul in grain. He said, 'It looks like rain, and if that load of oats gets wet again tonight it won't be good for anything.'"

That'd be Syd all right. And then I thought: wasn't it funny that anyone would recall the words—the exact words—someone else had said about a little thing like that so long ago?

Syd never came inside our house again until that August evening. He'd give us a load of wood now and then, but he'd haul it into the dooryard some afternoon Mother was away. And she'd send me to thank him and try to make him take pay for it. And whenever Mother would bring out a plate of cake and a jug of lemonade to the men in the afternoon, Syd always seemed to be off in a corner some place, clipping around a rock (every haying season Father planned to blast the big rocks in the field that fall, but somehow he never got it done) with the hand scythe.

I can still remember that August

Continued on page 34

At Last! A Beauty Ingredient in Dishwashing Suds!

## New DREFT with Lanolin



Only miracle suds with hand-soothing **Lanolin**  
...plus Dreft's famous grease-cutting magic

Here is a new detergent made specially for you who want true mildness in the dishpan. Now Dreft contains soothing lanolin, the beauty ingredient found in leading hand creams.

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Get new Dreft with lanolin, today!

Only Detergent with soothing **Lanolin**



# Now...a lotion Scientifically years ahead

Amazing effects right away!

Chapping clears quickly...

Redness fades out...

Palm calluses reduce...

Rough elbows soften, whiten...

**T**HIS REVOLUTIONARY NEW LOTION by Pond's does more than just *superficially* smooth your hands—it relieves the *causes* of chapped redness and roughness. Angel Skin actually *heals* chapped skin.

Unlike other hand lotions, the goodness of Angel Skin is *not stopped* on the outer surface of your skin—but goes *deep*. You see *immediate* results.

Dry, rough chapping clears away. Angry redness fades. Dried-out "detergent hands" become softer and whiter—because new Angel Skin actually *neutralizes* the irritating chemical action of soap and detergent alkalies.

**No "sticky coating"** It's impossible for this revolutionary new lotion to leave any sticky film on your skin, because Angel Skin contains no "gummy" filler. Your skin takes up *all* Angel Skin's fragrant richness *immediately*.

See the amazing effect of Angel Skin on *your* hands. Right away they become softer, whiter, *younger looking*. Get a bottle of fragrant, creamy-pink Angel Skin by Pond's *today*.

Send for a "Prove-it" sample. Print your name, address and send with 10c to cover postage and packing to: Pond's, Dept. 1-G 791 St. Clair Ave. W., Toronto 10, Ontario, for a generous sample of Angel Skin.



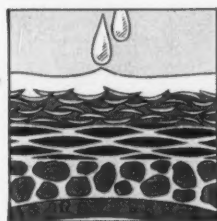
**Chapping** — See Angel Skin's deeper softening action smooth roughened skin right away. Actually *heals* chapping. Used regularly, it acts to prevent further chapping.



**Dried-out "detergent hands"** — Of all leading hand lotions, *only* Angel Skin is formulated to neutralize harsh soap and detergent alkalies—*prevent* dryness and irritation.

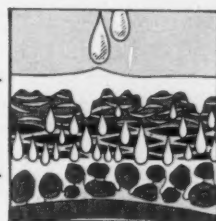
## MAGNIFIED DIAGRAM OF SKIN SHOWS ANGEL SKIN'S DEEP SOFTENING ACTION

Other lotions stop at the skin surface... give the skin only superficial smoothing.



Angel Skin penetrates the outer skin surface.

Brings immediate help to living skin tissue where chapped roughness and redness begin.



# Angel Skin

by POND'S



At cosmetic counters now—  
**65¢ and 37¢**

MAKE IT FROM A PATTERN



Glamour is in Season



HIMMEL

Opposite page: Moon magic for dance-till-dawn evenings. The black gown has tiny straps and a voluminous bell skirt. Pattern No. 4439, 12-20, 50c. The white gown (insert) features the petal bra and sash and trim of velvet. Pattern No. 4440, 11-18, 50c. Above: A bewitching white gown featuring the new cupola skirt silhouette and wrapped bodice. Pattern No. 4439, 12-20, 50c. Black gown (insert), Pattern No. 4440, 11-18, 50c.

Order from your Simplicity pattern dealer or from the Pattern Dept., Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

*Continued from page 30*  
 evening. I remember how peculiarly still it was. I had gone to bed before dark, so I could run off all by myself, like a reel in my head, the excitement of going away. Mother had finally made up her mind.

From my bed by the window I could see Syd sitting on the front doorstep of his small house. To a child the idea of oneself going away makes sober rooted people seem almost incredible, unbelievably stupid. You feel that somehow

someone should make them understand.

The stillness didn't bother me but I know now the kind of stillness it was for the older ones. It was one of those nights of drought when the slamming of a screen door or the tapping of a neighbor's hammer sounds astonishingly near. And yet everything else seems untouchably far away. There is only the fitful pulse of the blind against the screen where you sit, hearing only your mind not-think.

I saw Mother go outside. She walked

along the edge of the flower bed, picking off a wilted nasturtium leaf here and there, or straightening the sticks beside the rosebushes. But she did these things inertly, as you do things on a day you are trying to whittle away with movement—a day when it seems as if each time you look at the clock more time must have passed than the clock has counted.

I knew Mother wasn't happy, like me, about going away. But what could she do? A farm can go on for a few years

without a man's steady care, but what can a woman do when the ditches in the low parts grass over and fill in, and the shingles blow up on the very top of the barn roof, and the time comes when all the fence wire is rusted too brittle even to splice? Even if she could pay to have these things fixed, what about the night when the gale blows the big shed doors open, or the day the cow is choking on an apple and no one within sound of your call?

It was coming dusk when I saw Alf Steele walking up the road. He stopped for a minute opposite Syd's. Their voices came to me clear as voices over water.

"Ain't ya comin' to school meetin', Syd?" Alf called.

"I guess not," Syd answered. "Not tonight."

"No? Well . . ." And then, just before resuming his pace, Alf added, "Did ya know Laura's goin' away? Anyhow, that's the talk."

"Goin' away?" Syd said. "No. Where?"

"They say her brother Frank's got her a job in the city. Montreal, ain't it, Frank is?"

Syd came to his feet so quickly I thought he was going out to the road to question Alf further. But he didn't. He turned abruptly and went inside the house.

It couldn't have been more than fifteen minutes later that I heard our screen door open and close.

"Why, Syd!" Mother exclaimed. The heat hole over the kitchen stove was right beside my bed, and I could catch everything that was said below.

"I can't set down," Syd blurted out. "I just come over to . . ."

I knew he did sit down though. In my mind I could picture him snapping the crown of his cap to the peak and unsnapping it. And I could see Mother taking off her apron and smoothing out the wrinkles in her skirt. I could see her place a smile on her face, consciously. It wouldn't be a false smile, but it wouldn't hide her feelings half as thoroughly as she believed.

"Laura," Syd said—and the words came out propulsively, as if they were a stoppage in his throat—"you ain't goin' away, are you?"

I could see the precarious smile drop off Mother's face. "I don't know, Syd," she said. Her voice sounded freer, now that her thought and her speech need not keep to separate channels. "I guess so. I don't know what to do. I can't seem to think. Frank wants me to go out there with him. I wouldn't like the city, I know, but things here have got to the point where . . ." She would be sitting there ironing one arm with the palm of her other hand.

There was quite a long silence. And then I heard Syd say, "Don't, Laura . . . don't . . ." I knew what had happened. I always hated to see Mother cry. She'd draw in a deep breath and hold it hard, as if against the muscles of her face. But then the muscles would begin to give way, one group after another. And her mouth would look as if it hurt her, physically.

"I guess I'm making a fool of myself," Mother said, all at once contrite. "Do you remember what you used to say: 'I never saw how crying over anything ever helped?'"

I heard a chair scrape out then. Syd



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Look for the Z-FINISH string tag on many St. Michael products. It means that the wool fibres have been specially treated before spinning to provide an almost cashmere softness to the finished garment.

Mother is wearing a soft wool flannel, available in red, bottle green, navy, light blue, mauve and white.

Dad sports a handsome, luxurious long sleeve pullover, wool flannel, available in navy, wine and oatmeal.

Daughter a beautifully fashioned long sleeve cable stitched turtle neck in white, red, emerald or navy.

Junior a child's sleeveless wool flannel pullover, available in navy, wine or oatmeal.



**THE BEST OF BRITISH**

would be standing there, clumsy with the thought of his hand lying on her shoulder and equally clumsy with the thought of taking it away, because it seemed to help her; touched for a moment by that curious glow you feel when someone puts a particular memory of you into words, when you had feared that nothing more than a general memory of you might exist in anyone anywhere.

"Laura," he said suddenly, "don't go away. Why couldn't you and me . . . ?" I think she looked up, surprised and not surprised. And then he spoke almost with savagery. "I ain't the old—" he couldn't seem to find the word which should come next, "—people think I am. I got feelin's too."

I had a moment of consternation. It sounded as if Syd hated the way he was. All people in any way strange—it had never occurred to me that they might have to go on being that way because other people kept expecting it of them.

And then I covered my head with the bedclothes, not to hear any more. I knew we would not be going away now.

But even that was crowded out of my mind. I had only one bitter, burning thought. You needn't be openly rebellious against a usurper, but if you observed forever one little obstinacy known only to yourself, your original loyalty would still be intact. For Mother's sake I wouldn't make any fuss. But I would go right on calling him "Syd." I would never, never, call him "Dad."

I think that at the beginning Mother didn't really worry at all about me keeping Syd at arm's length. It was to be expected. But in a few weeks, when the situation hadn't changed, a constraint fell over all of us. This constraint was not continuous, of course—three people cannot live together in the country without being unreservedly fused most of the time by little excitements, little catastrophes, and the news brought in by one or the other from outside. But I had the child's talent for that most punishing rebuke: of withdrawing a little, as if behind an invisible boundary, just when the other has begun to think your estrangement must have been something he imagined.

Syd would show me how to mow, placing my hands just so on the scythe and I trying to hold them right there; and then, following my swath, he'd say, "That's right, that's right, you got the hang of it," and I'd say, "I guess you can finish it," and go hang up the scythe in the crotch of a tree. Or we might be preparing to go raspberrying in the back burntland, searching about for the water jug, gathering the tins, checking in the lunch basket to see if the salt and pepper for the eggs hadn't been forgotten, and I'd turn to Mother and say, "Is he going to stay all day with us?"

It was then that Mother's face would get that awful look: resignation, but resignation worse for never being safe from a hope perpetually renewed and as perpetually struck down. She would sometimes pass her hand over her forehead vaguely as if there were some possible kind of motion that would wipe this film over things away. And for a while after that it would seem as if everything Syd and I said (or didn't say) to each other would sound sort of loud.

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If you've ever felt that a dress form made to your own measurements was too expensive . . . If you've hesitated to invest \$10, \$20, \$30 for a dress dummy that was useless once you lost or gained weight . . . If you simply haven't got the room to store a bulky, old-fashioned 30-pound dress dummy—then here's exciting news for you!

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After hundreds of experiments, Ann Baldwin, one of Hollywood's top designers, has at last created a dress form that does everything a \$30 dress form can do and more—and yet costs a fraction of the price. By the use of KRAFT-BOARD, a remarkable, lightweight material which can't break, chip or crack, Ann Baldwin has created an adjustable dress form that is so light, so handy that you can fit your dress, pin it, baste it . . . and do it all without once getting up from your chair. A full, life-size dress form that is so flexible you can adjust it in a few minutes to your exact measurements, no matter how much they may change within your size range during the years—a completely new kind of dress form that guarantees a perfect fit every time—that shows you exactly what your finished blouse, skirt or dress will look like on you before you ever begin to sew.

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**ANN BALDWIN SALES CORP.,**  
Dept. G-387, 29 Melinda St.,  
Toronto, Ontario.

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**Only Dress Form You Can Use In Sections—Do All Your Pinning, Altering, Hemming, While Sitting Down**

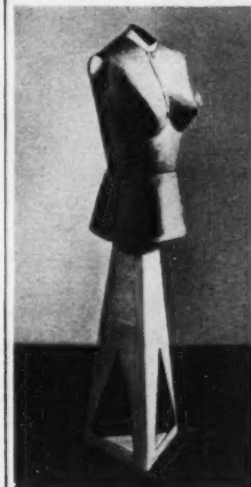


No more aching arches, stiff shoulders or pains in the back from standing hours and hours on end. Now you can do all your fitting, pinning, altering and hemming with your Ann Baldwin dress form right on your lap. (Weighs only 2 pounds, yet is strong enough to last a lifetime.) Complete your whole dressmaking operation without once getting up from your chair. And because you can use the Ann Baldwin dress form in sections, small garments become so much easier to handle. To sew blouses and pockets use only the torso. For skirts and slacks use only the hip parts. P. S. Also great for blocking sweaters.



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**Flexible Shoulders Lets You Slip Entire Dress Right Over Your Ann Baldwin Dress Form—Without Opening The Seams!**



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You have to open the seams—put the dress on the dummy—resew the seams. Your Ann Baldwin Dress form is scientifically designed so that you can merely bend in the shoulders and slip the dress on or off the form with no extra work of any kind. Shoulders snap back into shape instantly.

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Please rush me Ann Baldwin's new adjustable, match-your figure dress form in my exact measurements for a 30 day No-Risk Trial.

When my dress form arrives, I will pay postman only \$5.95 plus postage. If I am not completely satisfied—if my Ann Baldwin dress form does not do everything a \$30 dress form can do and more—if it doesn't pay for itself the very first time I use it—I will return it for my full purchase price refund, no questions asked.

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# Make All Four of these thrilling oven treats with One Basic Dough!

1. Chelsea Twirls



2. Orange Whirls



3. Date Eights



4. Jam Ring



## Versatility begins at home — with Fast Dry Yeast!

One quick dough, thinly rolled, comes out four delectable dessert delights! Raised oh-h so tender n' light with amazing Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast! When you bake at home, get festive results with Fleischmann's. Never fails. Keep a month's supply on hand.

### BASIC PINWHEEL DOUGH

#### Scald

- 1½ cups milk
- ¾ cup granulated sugar
- 2¼ teaspoons salt
- ¾ cup shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm.

In the meantime, measure into a large bowl

- ¾ cup lukewarm water

- 1 tablespoon granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

- 3 envelopes Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well. Stir in lukewarm milk mixture and

- 3 well-beaten eggs

Stir in

- 4½ cups once-sifted bread flour

and beat until smooth and elastic; work in 4½ cups more (about) once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 4 equal portions and finish as follows:

### 1. INDIVIDUAL CHELSEA TWIRLS

Cream ¼ cup butter or margarine and ½ cup brown sugar; divide into 12 greased muffin pans; add pecans. Cream 2 tbsps. butter or margarine, 2 tps. cinnamon and ½ cup brown sugar. Roll out one portion of dough 12 by 10 inches. Sprinkle with cinnamon mixture and ½ cup raisins; beginning at long side, roll up loosely; cut into 12 slices. Place in pans. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled. Bake at 350°, 15 to 18 mins.

### 2. ORANGE WHIRLS

Boil together for 3 mins., stirring, ½ cup butter or margarine, 1 tbsp. grated orange rind, ½ cup orange juice and ½ cup gran. sugar; cool. Spread half in greased 8-inch square pan. Roll out one portion of dough 16 by 10 inches; spread with rest of orange mixture; beginning at long side, roll up loosely; cut into 16 slices. Arrange in pan. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled. Bake at 350°, about 30 mins.

### 3. DATE EIGHTS

Combine ½ lb. cut-up dates, 1 cup water, ½ cup gran. sugar and 1 tbsp. butter or margarine; boil gently, stirring often, until thick; cool. Roll out one portion of dough into 12-inch square; spread half with half of filling and roll up to centre. Turn dough over; spread remainder with filling and roll up to centre. Cut into 12 slices. Place well apart, on greased pan. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled. Bake at 350°, 14 to 16 mins. Spread hot buns with icing.

### 4. JAM RING

Roll out one portion of dough 16 by 8 inches. Spread with ½ cup thick jam and ½ cup chopped nuts; beginning at long side, roll up loosely. Twist dough from end to end; form into ring on greased pan. Grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled. Bake at 350°, 25 to 30 mins. Spread hot ring with white icing; decorate top.



Needs no refrigeration!

The situation was never openly admitted, and at first Mother tried to overcome it. If I let slip something spontaneous like, "I'd like to see Syd on that mowin' machine o' Reg's. I bet he could mow that field in two hours!" she'd seize upon my remark and repeat it to him ever so casually. Or if Syd were to say, "Why, that kid can sow grass seed as good as a man—better'n some men!" she'd repeat that to me. But her casualness was so transparent (each of us knew what the situation was) that her ruses turned out to be only embarrassing. And after a little she gave them up.

Otherwise, things certainly went smoother with us than they had ever done when Father was alive. There was always dry wood in the shed, the water pails were always full, the clothes line was now spliced so strong it never let Mother's clean sheets down into the mud, and . . . well, that precarious bridge from one day to the next seemed to be completely shored up.

But how could a child love anyone for that kind of thing? How could that kind of thoughtfulness take the place of the knack Father had of immediately winning you over to his way of seeing that serious concern over anything belonged way down below fun?

It was queer about that, though. Once Mother lost the new scissors she'd spent the last cent in her purse for. "Now where could I have laid them?" she said, frowning with worry. "Did you have 'em openin' the flour bag?" Father asked. "No." "Didn't have 'em out clippin' flowers?" "No, I had the little scissors out there." He thought. "Sure you didn't have 'em cuttin' up citron for a pound cake?" She had laughed so we'd had to be stern with her to keep her from hysterics. But the minute her laughter had subsided her face looked as worried as before. Now, when she laughed with Syd about anything—though less often and not half as hysterically—an echo of the laughter would stay on in her eyes long after the laughter itself was done.

If only half-consciously, I resented that. I would think: If he'd ever once do something that wasn't so darned sensible, so darned predictable.

It was only when I would actually surprise myself in a moment of accepting Syd wholeheartedly that I was deliberately cruel to him.

I remember one day I was watching him make a birdhouse for me, completely engrossed in the expert way his large hands could manage the miniature splices. I was fingering absently a little gadget that hung from the buttonhole of my jacket. It was a tiny cube of wood, whittled so that only a sphere remained inside its open-faced cage.

He looked up. "Ronnie," he said, "one o' them edges there is way longer than the others. Let me square her up for you."

I bridled. "Naw," I said, "don't bother. That's all right."

"It won't take but a minute," he said. "Let's see it."

I moved off. "Naw, that's all right," I said. "My father made me that."

He didn't say a word.

Another day a cattle buyer was looking at the oxen. I felt just like a third man with him and Syd. Syd never said anything like, "Now keep friggin' with that sprayer till ya break it!" or "Look outa the man's way there," the way other men (even Father) did, to cut down kids in the barn.

"You oughta seen the rock that team hauled off last week!" I said.

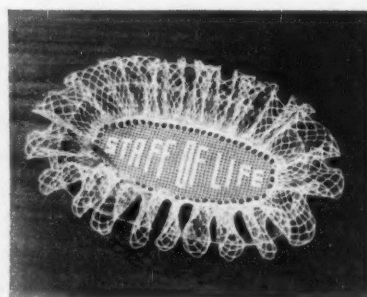
The buyer grinned at me. "That's quite a boy you got there, Mr. Weston," he said, in a hearty salesman's voice. "I guess he's gonna be as good a judge o' cattle as his old man, eh?"

"He's not my old man," I said. "My father is dead."

I was glad Mother didn't see Syd's face then. Come to think of it, perhaps it used to give him away more often than I've made it sound.

I think the fortnight before Christmas must have been the worst of all for Mother. She was very happy because we had more money for the mail order that year than ever before, and I knew she kept waiting for me to study the catalogue, so that she could glimpse which page I kept it open at longest. But I acted as if Christmas didn't matter to me in the least. Other years I used to nag and nag at her to get the order off early. But that year it was she herself who had to say: "My soul, this is the fifteenth. We better get that order off this very night or it'll be too late."

The night when we used to clear off the dining-room table and get out all



## BREAKFAST TRAY SET AND BREAD DOILY

There is still plenty of time to make these pretty pieces before Christmas. They make charming little gifts with a personal touch. Instructions only for both the tray set and the doily, 25 cents. Order No. C105.

Order from Chatelaine Needlecraft Dept., 481 University Ave., Toronto.

### Jack and the Cornstalk

*Shinny up, boy! At the end of this magic cornstalk is the jolly Green Giant. He can give you a golden treasure. Bring it back for supper and make your dear mother happy. (And your father, too.)*

# Fresh from flavorland

The man in your life would climb a thousand cornstalks for corn like this.

For this is the corn that brings back the boy in him. Corn that lives up to storybook magic . . .

Corn-on-the-cob *without* the cob.

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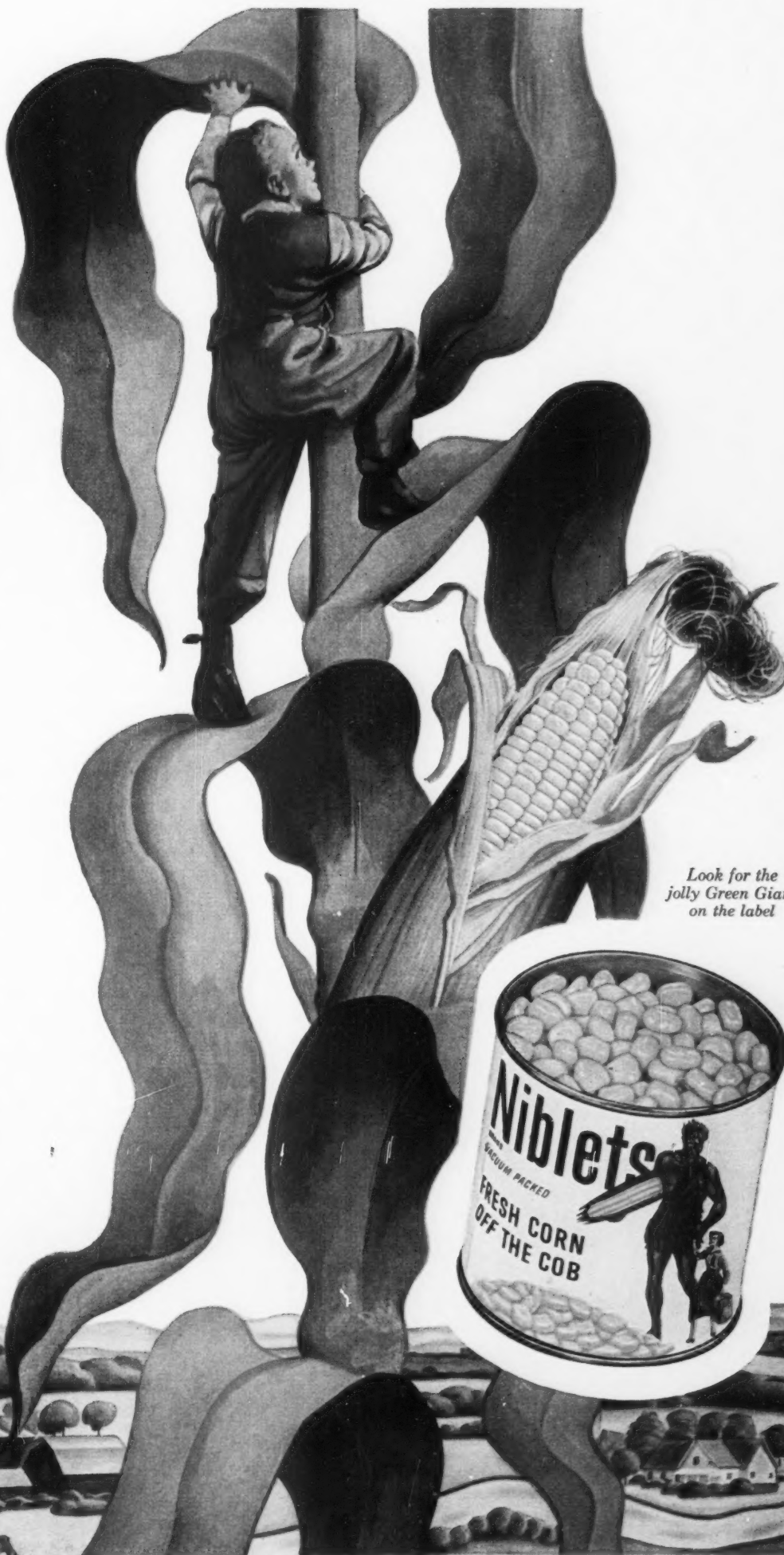
Fresh-shucked flavor of tender, young roasting ears any time of the year.

"Picked and packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor."

That's Niblets Brand whole kernel corn. Plump, full, thin-skinned beauties, each and every one of them.

Don't let your grocer sell all of his Niblets Brand Corn to other people!

## Niblets BRAND *Whole Kernel* Corn



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full-fashioned . . .  
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the writing paraphernalia, pretending we were ordering each other's gifts from one page in the catalogue, while a finger was holding it open, secretly, to another; with her putting down the things for me and then folding the order sheet over her writing until I had put her gifts below; and making a solemn promise that when she added up the total she wouldn't even glance at anything but the figures—that night used to be almost as exciting as Christmas itself.

But that year I let her sit at the table alone. It gave me an almost sickening pang to see her there, taking as long as ever to select those things for me which would be useful but still have something of the "present" quality about them, and sobered (but so unprotestingly) by my withholding of connivance in the spirit of the occasion thus made so desolate for her to support alone. But I couldn't help it. I didn't even pretend to glance at the numbers of the pages she was copying from.

Once she said, so extra casually I knew it had come on her tongue and then faltered a good many times before she could speak it: "Would you like to put something down for your father?" Syd was outside.

I knew it would have delighted her beyond anything if I'd answered something like, "Yeah. What could I get him?—something that would really surprise him!" But what I said was, "No, I guess not. It'd be kinda foolish gettin' him something with his own money."

I didn't put anything down for him or, because it would be paid for with his money, for her either. Syd himself had never once enquired what I wanted. If he had, I was prepared to say, "Oh, anything. I don't care," with deliberate indifference. But just the same I almost hated him for not asking.

Syd took the letter to the post office the next morning. Any letter that needed a money order fixed up for enclosure Mother usually took. But he offered specially (almost insisted) to take this one. For a moment I wondered if he wanted to look at the sheet to see if there was anything on it for him (and for a moment I had another pang: to think of this little curiosity being rewarded by the sight of nothing more exciting than a work shirt). But then I knew that spying wasn't like Syd. This would be just like any other letter, to him, I thought.

Times before, the day the Christmas order had finally gone off had been one of the wonderful ones. It had seemed as if we'd set in motion some benevolent mechanism which would be busy contriving something splendid for us all through the following days, even when we were not thinking about it. But that morning, this mood of indifference I had chosen spoiled everything.

About ten o'clock, Mother's hand froze suddenly on the pump handle. "Oh, dear!" she said. "I forgot to put down the tissue paper and seals. Now isn't that . . .?"

She looked at me appealingly. I thought, if I'd only helped her (though the bitter regret which the "only" implied was disowned almost as soon as I recognized it), I wouldn't have forgotten. But I didn't say a word. And after that, Mother suddenly gave up trying to encourage my Christmas spirit.

It is curious how a child will prolong

a sort of sulkiness that has started as whim until it hardens into obstinacy, resisting every effort to dislodge him from it; and how the most dismaying thing of all is when the others at last take his mood at its face value and leave him entirely alone.

I was, however, to know a dismay even worse before the next week was out.

Christmas was on Saturday of that week, and the order should come on the Tuesday or Wednesday before. But it didn't come Tuesday—or Wednesday. And when I went to the post office on Thursday, certain that it would be there (and thankful by this time that the excitement of the package arriving could save my face by seeming to sweep me out of my mood, rather than my having to abandon it of my own free will), the package was not there either. There was just a card, saying it had gone to the station. Whenever you have deliberately chosen to be perverse, it seems that everything else is quick to fall into line.

"Now what did they send it by express for?" Mother said. "I can't think of anything heavy in it."

"It's cheaper that way," Syd said.

"I know," Mother said. "But Christmas time . . . when everyone's in such a rush . . ."

"We can give the card to Cliff tomorrow," Syd said—Cliff was the mailman—"and he'll go to the station and get it for us."

"Why, yes," Mother said. "I never thought of that. Cliff'll get it. He's a good soul."

I was so relieved I nearly cried.

That night the snow came. When Syd came in from his late trip to the barn he stood in the porch almost solid white, with his arms angled out from his sides for someone to brush him off with the broom. "Why, Syd!" Mother cried, "Is it snowing?—like *that*?" And after I'd gone up to bed I kept my lamp lit for a little while to watch the great flakes float and eddy down past the window pane, like an infinite fragmentation of some beautiful white healing silence. Snow for Christmas.

But with it, while I slept, the wind came.

And when I looked out the window in the morning the whole world seemed buried in a great sea of snow: huge, billowing, porpoise-backed waves of it, caught up around the corners of the buildings into long breaker tips that reached almost to the eaves. I saw Syd starting to shovel a tunnel to the barn. He didn't bend, but reached, at the drift before him. Here and there a spot of road would show bare as your hand in a trough of the waves, but on either side of the spot you couldn't even guess where the road went. I looked again at Syd's tunnel. He had scraped it right down to the grass, but I saw that already the wind had sifted enough snow back into it that a deep track could be made.

I knew that the men would not break out the roads until the wind had died down completely. Not till afternoon, anyway. I knew the mail would not go today. And this was the last day before Christmas. And so the order would never get here for Christmas at all.

I thought, for a second, how I had almost believed in my indifference to Christmas a couple of weeks ago. How could that have been possible? Was this storm, like the order going to the

station, some sort of punishment? Perhaps the mere focusing of memory on it tends to exaggerate a past despair. But it seems to me that those moments when I stood there at the window, realizing for the first time that the unthinkable *could* happen, may well have been the bleakest of my whole life.

Mother tried her best to console me. She said we had the tree, anyway (Syd had got that a couple of days ago, an absolutely perfect one),

and we had lots of candy and nuts, and, well, the things would only be a little late. I could hardly keep from shouting when I answered, "What good are things *after* Christmas?" Especially with no tissue paper to wrap them in, and the time already past before which they must not be opened. It would be just like an order you'd sent in the summertime.

Syd didn't say a word. He didn't seem to be disturbed at all. And later in the morning, when I stood in the

porch door, praying that by some last-minute miracle I'd see the ox teams come breaking the roads and the mailman's horse behind them (though the wind was blowing stronger now, rather than less), I heard Mother say to him almost frantically: "Syd, what could we fix up for Ronnie? We've just got to have something for him."

He said, "I don't know. What could we fix up for him?" But he didn't sound really concerned—in the next breath he asked her if she could get dinner early.





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Fashion loosens her grip on your waist... the  
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TRADE MARK  
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I couldn't see what difference it made when we ate, or if we ate at all, with the whole long empty day ahead.

After an early dinner, we started to trim the tree. Mother and I. Syd got out his rifle and took it apart to clean it.

I helped Mother as conscientiously as I had ever done, because I was too desolate even to be sullen. But I worked with that awful docility with which you put on your best clothes as carefully as ever though the occasion is a farewell at the train, maybe for the last time. And then a shaft of how it might have been—trimming the tree on this cloistering day (the wind was shriller now), with the contents of the order hidden no more secretly than beneath the sofa and, because of that, my pledge not to look all the more torturingly sweet—would pierce me right to the bone.

About one o'clock, Syd came into the parlor. "I think I'll take a scout around with the gun," he said. So that's why he'd wanted an early dinner.

"Syd," Mother exclaimed, "you're not going hunting, a day like this?"

"It's a good day for huntin'," he said. "The wind'd be just about right in the spruce, and the snowshoein' ain't bad."

In one direction from our house was the road to town and in the other, across some narrow fields, was the dense woods. Twenty solid miles of it.

"Well . . ." Mother said resignedly. "But now you watch out a tree doesn't fall on you or something."

I was so shocked that Syd could leave us alone on this day that I didn't even resent it. I just watched him go across the field, lost in and then appearing out of the spasmodic gusts of wind-driven snow as if he were evaporating and then solidifying again.

We didn't pay much attention to the storm until we had finished working on the tree. In the morning the wind had blown hard, but unconcernedly. Now it was getting rough. Not vicious yet, but rough.

"I wonder if he took his compass," Mother said suddenly. She went to the pantry. The compass was still hanging on its nail. I knew you couldn't lose Syd if you tried—but just the same I was half-annoyed at her for checking up on the compass. It would have been more comfortable not to have known he didn't have it.

About three o'clock the wind became really vicious, like an animal become ravening with the taste of its own violence. The air looked like one of those blizzards that sheep on an old calendar are seen huddling against. The trees bent and writhed constantly and the wind howled at the corners of the house as it sucked itself wildly across the fields.

And now, as if out of some place wrenched open by the wind, the cold came; depositing its sharp knives on the panes.

As the afternoon wore on, the uneasiness in both of us grew to active worry. But neither of us mentioned it. Partly as if by not naming it you could achieve protection, however flimsy, from the thing you feared, and partly because it had become so difficult for us to discuss Syd at all, let alone a mutual concern for him.

We tried to fake an interest in small tasks. But the instant there'd be a slight lull in the storm, one or the other would immediately say, "I believe it's

lettin' up," or "Of course, inside it always looks worse than it is." The next instant a redoubled clap of wind would make the chimney gasp as if the very breath of the house were being sucked outside, to be spun about, captured and lost forever, and our automatic glances at each other would seem to collide with almost physical effect—as glances do when smoke is discovered curling out from some place where no smoke should be.

And then we began one at a time to make excuses, peering out the frosted window toward the woods. The Christmas tree was like a mockery. It was like the guest from another way of life who happens to be staying with you when some private trouble strikes, so that you are denied even a natural as-with-neighbors reaction to it, because of appearance's sake.

★ ★ ★

### KINDLING

By Ethel Jacobson

Love had bloomed its little season—  
Few the blossoms that it bore!—  
Frail, but cherished out of reason  
Now it blooms no more.

Empty branches, gaunt and  
spindling,  
Stand betrayed, and hurt my sight.  
Better chop them up for kindling.  
Cold is the night.

★ ★ ★

It got so the only things of any reality in the whole house seemed to be Syd's unspoken name and the tick of the clock. And it was odd the situations my mind chose to recall him in: always one something like his maybe looking at the order sheet and seeing nothing for him there but the work shirt.

About four, Mother got supper. "Syd'll be hungry," she said, "after that early dinner and tramping in the woods." But I knew that was only an excuse. I knew she had the foolish idea that supper ready would somehow beckon him home.

But supper was ready, and then growing cold on the back of the stove, and still he hadn't come. And then, supper waiting made the whole thing more clamorous than ever. It was early, but already there was a hint of darkness coming. As if the wind had broken into the hold of night too, and let dusk loose beforehand.

Just then the clock struck the half-hour. Suddenly Mother leapt up. "He should be home now," she said. "I'm going down to Alf's and see if he thinks we ought to . . ."

I leapt up too. I felt an inexpressible relief, now that this intolerable pretence of casualness was over.

"I'm goin' with you," I said. I expected her to oppose that, but she didn't. "Well . . . all right," she said.

I got my heavy clothes on first, and went in to look out the parlor window once more—openly, avidly, now. There was nothing but that marching blur and the mourning trees. When she was ready she came in too.

"See any sign of him?" she said. "No," I said. She looked as if the muscles of her face were starting to break up.

We were just turning from the window when all at once she put her hand on my arm. "Hark!" she said. "Wasn't that the back door?"

We both rushed to the kitchen. And there he was, standing by the door, the snow so driven into his clothes, and his eyebrows and mustache so encrusted with it, that he was hardly recognizable.

"Syd," Mother cried, "Oh Syd . . ." She ran and put her arms about him and her face against his shoulder, snow and all.

"What's the trouble?" Syd said, startled. "What's wrong?" It had never occurred to him that we'd be worried on his account. He thought something dreadful must have happened to us.

"You," Mother cried. "You . . . out in this. We've been almost crazy. Where have you been?" Her questions tumbled over each other before he could get out a single word. "Where did you come from? We didn't see you. We've been watching the woods all afternoon, haven't we, Ronnie? Where's your gun? Were you lost?"

"I didn't come by the woods," Syd said. "I come the road."

"The road? Here, let me shake that jumper off in the woodbox. You'll get your death." (I ran into the pantry for a knife to scrape the icicles off.) "Where's your gun?"

Syd sort of grinned, "In the barn," he said. The barn was way down from the house, in the opposite direction from the woods.

"The barn?"

Syd didn't answer. He opened the door and reached back into the porch. I thought he was reaching for the old broom.

When he straightened up, I couldn't believe my eyes. Everyone knows one miracle in his life, and this was mine. For in his hand he carried the Christmas order!

"Syd!" Mother cried. "You've been to town! You lugged that order all the way home!" Then, for a second, plain curiosity displaced her agitation. "Is that our order?" she said. "Look at the size of it, and the shape of it. I don't remember . . ." It was a huge package, obviously containing some long

almost unwrappable object at the bottom. No wonder it had gone to the station.

I couldn't say a word. I was inundated by the soft glow of danger past, the Christmas order was right here in the house, the tree had suddenly become an intimate again—and now the wind and the cold and the dark were not enemies anymore: just things that could be let go their way, their violence merely heightening the sense of our own containment.

But it was not so much any of that as something else. It was as if I were seeing in Syd a different man. It wasn't that he had walked six miles to town and back on a day like this to get the order. It was that he had wanted to surprise us. It was that he had gone to all that manoeuvre of pretended indifference, of cleaning his gun, of actually going into the woods while we watched, and then cutting back across the field, leaving his gun in the barn, and skirting the pasture till he struck the road to town. It was that, for this effect of surprise, he had done something that had so little common sense about it, that was so crazy, it was almost childish . . .

And when he fished way down inside the very last layer of heavy clothing and said, "Didn't you mention something about forgettin' to order the tissue paper and seals," and I knew he had got even them, at some store in town . . . well, I had still another thing to bless them for: for not remarking on my speechlessness, for making their own voices loud enough to cover up the other sound I couldn't help—crying.

Syd brushed the snow from the package and took it into the dining room to unwrap, while Mother was taking up the supper. When she went down the cellar for the creamer he came to the dining-room door and beckoned to me. I went in and he closed the door.

He had put all the parcels under the couch except one. It was on the dining-room table. A bright enameled case, with the top up and, inside, what I thought must surely be the most gorgeous comb, brush, and mirror set anyone had ever seen.

I gasped. He must have added that

## A QUESTION OF CHOICE . . .



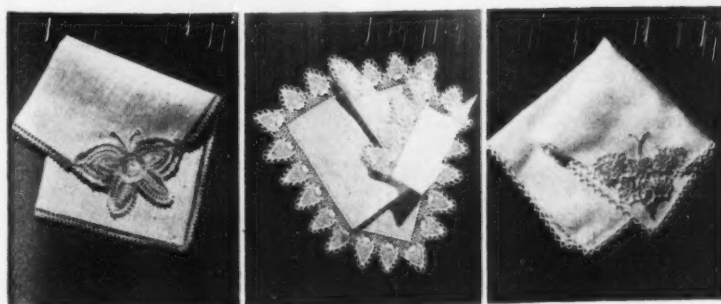
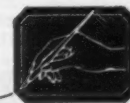
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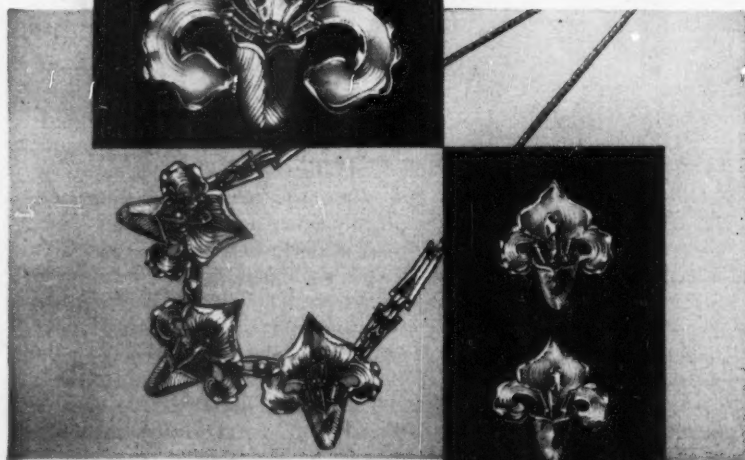
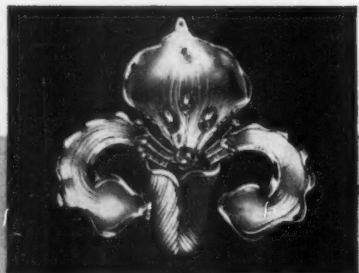
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at the post office, I thought, the morning he took the order over. He (Syd!) must have asked the postmistress for her catalogue. I almost cried again: to think of what an effort that must have been for him, and of him trying to squeeze the article number and description in the tiny spaces provided, with that big handwriting of his that always looked as if it came so hard. I'd never touched anything with such reverence as the heavy mirror I picked up and then laid back again into its pleated satin socket.

"Think we could wrap it up kinda nice?" Syd said, almost sheepishly.

"Now?" I said. "Right now?"

"Might as well," he said. "Case she goes snoopin'."

It did look nice when we were done. I wouldn't have believed Syd could turn the corners of the flimsy tissue paper so deftly, and hold them so perfectly in line while I put on the very biggest seals in the whole package. We hid it in the sideboard drawer, beneath the tablecloth.

Mother looked up when we came out into the kitchen. Her face had that odd blend of caution and hope.

"Now what are you two up to?" she said.

"Ask him," I said, grinning. "Ask Dad."

Maybe I only seem to remember that a swift locking glance passed between them, before they dropped their eyes. But I do know that Mother's face had the most indescribable look on it. As if something had divided her between such perfect joy and such fear that such perfect joy could not last.

But the next morning, with the wind composed and penitent again, and in the lamplight before dawn, when I saw the package beneath the tree that no one could wrap—the bright, gleaming, new twenty-two rifle that Syd must have added also at the post office—then, I think, she knew it would last.

"D'ya like it?" Syd said shyly. He didn't touch the twenty-two himself, but he kept standing right near it all the time.

"Like it?" I said.

"But, Syd," Mother said, "do you think he's old enough for a gun?"

"Oh, Mother...!" I cried.

"Now, stop worryin'!" Syd chided her. "There ain't nothin' about a gun, if anyone's careful."

She still didn't look too happy about it. But I think that, in a funny way, this was the most rewarding thing for her of all: that Syd and I were taking sides against her. With that peculiar sense of omniscience that seems to come only with intense happiness, I thought (as a child thinks such things, recognizing the essence only of words that would express them): Now, at last, with the man and the boy disputing with the woman the wisdom of a gun for the boy, we are a family.

And I knew that, though I had no real gift for either of them, somehow I had managed to give them a present better than any to be found in the catalogue.

And I knew too, if I could see it, wherever it was, my father's face would be right in on this with us; and that, if I could hear him, he would be saying: "Now, y'see? What did I tell you about your frettin'? Everything always turns out right." ♦



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## Party Time

*Not a hair  
out of place*



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## PUT YOUR DAUGHTER ON THE STAGE

Continued from page 21

should be more of these, giving more Canadian girls the chance I have had—the chance to find their feet and feed their ambition in this topsy-turvy profession where a liberal helping of hope is served up with every half share of a threepenny Bath bun, and the salad days come later.

When I first landed in London in October 1950 I had my eye firmly fixed on the first lead at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden. What's more, I kept it there until one morning nearly six months later when I had an interview with my bank manager. I had been living with another Canadian girl, Jean Parker, of Annapolis Royal, in an eighteen-dollar-a-week furnished apartment. I took a singing lesson every morning, practiced in the afternoon, watched the opera from a good seat in the evenings, dreamed about the day when I would be on the other side of the footlights, ate well and signed cheques.

I knew this couldn't last. But I hesitated to uncover the ugly truth, partly because I didn't want to face it and partly because to ask questions about your bank balance in England has a moral tone not unlike telling a dirty joke in a polite drawing room. When I finally whipped up the effrontery to speak to the manager I found the situation even more desperate than I feared. "Miss Grant," he said sternly, "you owe us four pounds."

Obviously there was nothing to do but look for a job. In Halifax everything had seemed so simple. You learn to sing, you get a job as an opera singer and before long the stage-door Johnnies are sending long-stemmed roses and the kids are clamoring for autographs. In London it was more complicated. If you want to get on the stage you must have an agent, a stout heart, an ace in the hole and a system with sixpenny insoles. I soon learned that agents are the boys who produce the jobs. I learned, too, that London agents all have offices on the top floors of buildings without elevators, and to give them the break of handling my career I climbed enough stairs to take me over Everest and back. To these lucky fellows I breathlessly recounted my successes in all those lovely amateur productions back home.

"Let me know when you have a job and I'll come and take a look at you," was the kinder version of their brushoff. A few of the more paternal types urged me to go back to Canada, to Scotland, to Africa or anywhere but London where there are ten applicants to every theatrical opening and where an average of four thousand are always out of work. From time to time I confided my discouragement to my parents and they wrote back suggesting I "try the Royal Opera," "get a job at the BBC," "come back and sing on television" or "go to the Metropolitan." It was comforting to know that somebody thought I could sing.

My stout heart is my Maritime birthright and my ace in the hole was typing, a little trick I once learned to help pay my fees at Dalhousie University. After I had returned all the

empty Coke bottles, sold my books, pawned my opera scores and worn holes in all my shoes, I still had to eat. So I presented myself at the Temps Temporary Typing Bureau.

In England, although the typist is the lowest form of commercial life, she is always in demand. I was welcomed to the pool of hourly wage slaves and dispatched at once to a ritzy department store on Bond Street to type invoices. I was wearing the spoils of my Canadian working days, a well-cut Persian lamb coat, a luxury no working girl in this country can possibly afford on an income of twelve dollars a week. At the store I asked a floor walker, elegant in striped trousers and frock coat, to direct me to Mr. Brooks, the office manager. He looked me over, snapped his fingers and an underling slithered obsequiously to his side. "Take over," he commanded. "I shall conduct madam to Mr. Brooks." Then bowing to me, he said: "This way please, madam." Upstairs at the entrance to a vast room filled with weary women bending over machines he snapped his fingers again. "Madam wishes to see Mr. Brooks," he announced. Mr. Brooks hustled out, smiling expectantly. "I'm the new typist," I said, and his face mottled with annoyance. I was soon made sensible of my lowly station and not long afterward I sold the coat.

### Bread from a Beau

I moved from a meat-pie and sausage factory to a mental hospital, a cuckoo-clock factory, a garage—where I typed one thousand invoices using the word "tire" instead of "tyre" as it is spelled here—to Selfridges where I enjoyed working with a whole contingent of Canadian girls stretching across the main floor from handkerchiefs to string. These various activities barely managed to keep me in rent (reduced to ten dollars a week), music lessons and Bath buns.

Back home in Nova Scotia my sister always attracted boys with convertibles who brought her roses and silver-gilt compacts at Christmas. I was lucky if I got one who had enough money for a one-way trip on a streetcar and a Coke at the drugstore. It didn't matter then but in England, where the price of a square meal would make almost any jerk look like Clark Gable to me, I stayed true to form. One of my boy friends, Jim Walker, was an Australian student who didn't have a dime. Occasionally he would invite me to his bed-sitting room for a feast which he cooked himself over a hot plate from the ingredients of the monthly food parcel sent by his mother. She had a weakness for lambs' tongues preserved in wine and lobster, and Jim fancied himself quite a cook, so the meal was usually exotic. Dessert was served two or three weeks later when my parcel arrived from Canada, invariably containing tinned peaches and cake mix.

Once I quarreled with Jim and in my best drama-school manner told him to go and never darken my door again. He went. Next morning I realized I needed some bread. You can swallow pride but you can't eat it, so I telephoned, said I was sorry and asked him to rush around with half a loaf of bread.

Jim finally went home to Australia. In books such partings are usually characterized by restrained emotion and the exchange of valuable, imagina-



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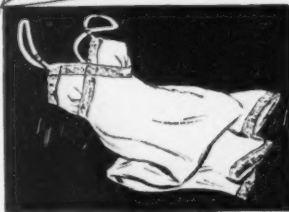
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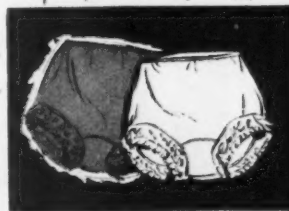
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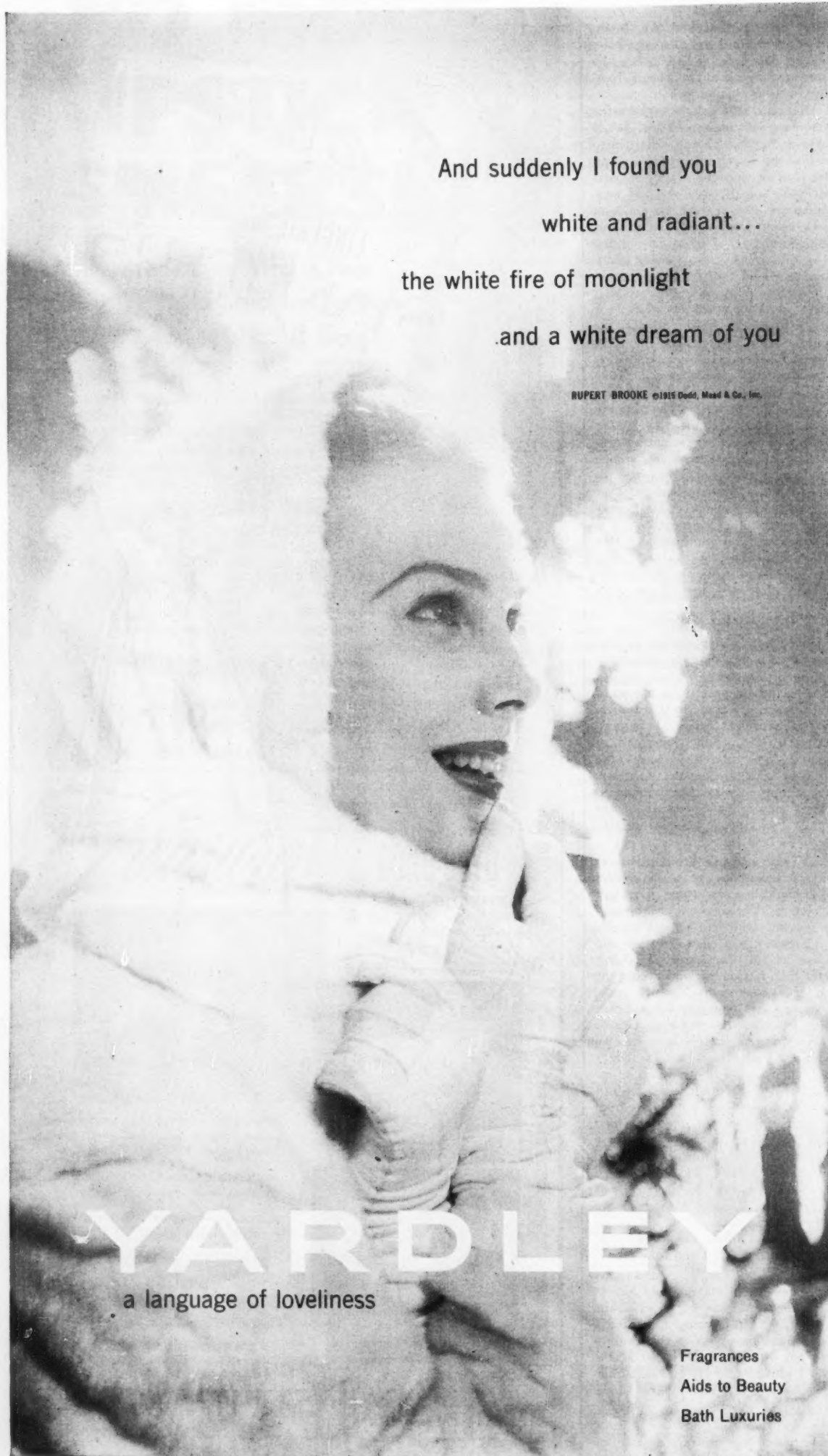
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white and radiant...

the white fire of moonlight

and a white dream of you

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Fragrances

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tive little tokens. Jim gave me half a pork pie, a tin of ersatz coffee, some mustard, pepper and part of a bottle of curry powder, the leftovers from his larder.

My next beau was an impoverished French-horn player, Ted Downes. (He's a conductor now. His luck changed about the same time mine did.) We shared our money and our food with true Christian unselfishness. When I sold my fur coat I treated him to a meal and a movie. During one of my bleakest periods he sold his recording of Madame Butterfly to pay my room rent and a week later Traviata went on groceries.

Meanwhile I steadily hounded the agents. To keep my feet off the pavement I bought felt insoles for sixpence a pair but even this proved too great a strain on my budget, so I developed a system which gave them double life—when the insole wore through I moved it to the other foot so the worn place missed the hole in my shoe.

One day, in a magazine called The Stage, I found an advertisement for operatic singers. I had never attended an audition before and I arrived bright and early. So did about five hundred other singers. Despair must breed ingenuity for I elbowed my way ahead of them all and said: "Do you mind if I sing first, I have a matinee today?" The producers were too startled to protest so I opened my score and prepared to let them have eleven pages of Pace Pace, Mio Dio from La Forza del Destino. I got out my first pace and the producer waved me to a halt. "Okay," he said, I wandered off, crushed. "I couldn't have been that bad," I thought. Fortunately I wasn't, for I got the job.

"Now at last an agent will see me at work," I told myself. But alas, on opening night I was obscured at the back of the stage, enveloped in a baggy yellow costume which revealed only my eyes through slits in the fancy headdress and made me look, according to one friend, like a Bird's Eye custard. And what was worse the show, Hassan, which had been a great success in 1925, was a flop in 1931 and closed after three weeks.

Before this brief caper on the boards I had found life as a London typist somewhat less than inspiring so when I was back on the pavements another Canadian girl and I decided to answer an advertisement and get rich quick addressing envelopes—at sixteen shillings per thousand.

The manager took us up to a room where about two hundred little old men on high wooden stools were painstakingly addressing envelopes with pen and ink. After warning us to cross our t's with a good firm line he entrusted us each with one thousand envelopes and a list of addresses. It took us three days to finish them and in the end we concluded there was no future in envelopes.

By this time I had cultivated a theatrical grapevine and had learned one of the foremost rules of show business—whether you are asked to sing, dance or fly unassisted around the block you say you can do it. When I heard that a well-known glee club was being auditioned for a television show I bluffed my way past the receptionist by telling him I was a member of the club. Then, when the director asked if anyone pres-

ent could speak Italian. I gave him a couple of lines from Madame Butterfly. He complimented me on my fluency and I got the job. It lasted two weeks.

Just as I was about to join the breadline again an answer arrived to a letter I had written weeks before. It invited me to audition for the seventy-six-year-old Carl Rosa Opera Company. "At last," I gloated, hurrying to peddle some opera scores and buy a new pair of shoes. On the day of the audition I arrived an hour early, sang with all my heart and got a job at five pounds a week as leading soprano. I felt like a millionaire because I had intended to work for nothing, if they would have me. I'm glad I didn't. Once on tour I found the cheapest boarding-house room cost three pounds a week, leaving little over to celebrate my success. But I was getting experience. Back home we rehearsed for six months and by the time the curtain went up we knew exactly where to put each foot and hand

Day the Dominion Fellowship Trust, which promotes hospitality for visiting students, arranged a grand celebration for me at the house of a titled aristocrat, whose name I've since forgotten. I wore a cocktail dress, and polished the uppers of my worn black pumps, to eat goose and drink champagne served by a butler and two footmen.

At the end of January the opera tour resumed. I was just getting over the first flush of my new ten-pound salary when we were told that the company was broke and was regretfully obliged to leave one hundred and twenty-five of us jobless. It was spring and all shows had by this time been booked for the summer season.

Then, as so often happens in the theatre, everything suddenly changed. In Glasgow, during our last week, I visited a chocolate factory. The managing director introduced me to two Canadians from Halifax, Ron MacDougall, a Canadian immigration officer, and his wife, Helen. They took pity on me and Ron introduced me to an agent. This time I didn't get the usual brush-off; I actually sang for him. Two days later he telephoned asking me to substitute in a concert party going to the summer resort of St. Andrews. I was hired as a soprano but before the season was over I sang, danced, played the piano and acted as feed for a comedian.

On the first night one of our group suggested that for an exit we should "just do the old five." "The old five?" I queried. "Sure, you know," said my partner, "the old five." I thought at first it must be some kind of harmonic arrangement but to my surprise it was a dance step. You cross your right foot behind the left, slide the left over, cross your right foot in front, slide the left, and so shuffle offstage.

I learned something new at every performance and, at one, I discovered for myself the meaning of that old theatrical sentiment, "the show must go on." I was singing an aria and I wasn't feeling very well. I felt that I simply could not make the top note so I fainted. When I came on for the final curtain I got such tremendous applause that my partner advised me to do that every night.

At the end of the summer with a small nest egg, a small residue of self-confidence and a year's experience in opera I returned to London prepared to take the city by storm. And in a sense, I did. I was auditioned for three shows in the same week and was offered three parts. I turned two of them down, hoping for the third as Elizabeth in Paint Your Wagon, and the gamble paid off.

I wish I could say that my burning ambition had always been to sing, and that nothing had ever deflected me from the rocky, uphill climb toward my glittering goal. That's the way all success stories are supposed to begin and I want mine to be a success story. But it isn't true.

As a schoolgirl at Halifax County Academy High and later at Dalhousie University, I couldn't make up my mind whether I wanted to be a singer, a newspaper reporter or a riding instructor. I became a singer largely because of my mother, Frances Grant. Mother sang as a girl and she intended to have a career but she met Daddy and had four children instead. We were brought up on music and that good

# THROUGH BETHLEHEM

By Lenore A. Pratt

Behold here a face  
Gentle, thoughtful, wise;  
After two thousand years,  
Behold Judea's eyes.

Serene, a young voice sings  
From a courtyard's shade,  
As once she may have sung  
For whom the rose was made.

Here still laughs a child  
To see the swallows skim  
Deep of sky once thronged  
With peerless seraphim.

Beyond hate and scorn,  
The taunt, the hurled stone,  
Still stands the frail temple,  
Bone of enduring bone.

Here still walk the kin  
To those that watched afar  
A glory fill the night,  
A lone and radiant star.

at any given moment. As a professional I was supposed to know all these fundamentals.

I made my debut as Micaela in Carmen and, without intending to, turned it into a comic opera. I had just finished my aria, I Know Nothing Here Should Alarm Me, when a cannon exploded off stage and scared me out of my wits. (In rehearsals this bit of business was assumed.) "Holy smoke," I shrieked in resounding Canadian, "what's going on here anyway?" I was supposed to retreat into a cave but in the smoke and confusion I couldn't find my cave and the roaring of the audience further disconcerted me. I scurried frantically about until finally a hand reached out and pulled me into the wings.

In spite of this inglorious beginning I toured with the company for a year, except for one bleak break of eleven weeks at the end of 1952. Typing jobs were hard to find and I took to sleeping on the floor of a friend's room, sneaking out early in the morning so her landlady wouldn't catch me, and went back to my diet of Bath buns. On Christmas



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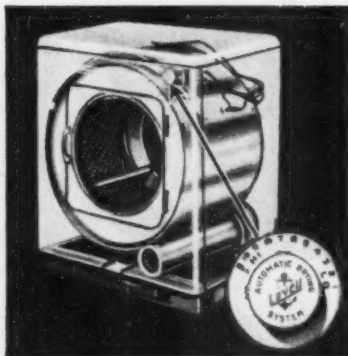
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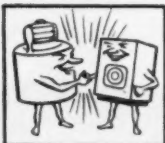
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old Canadian Sunday night when everybody sang around the living-room piano. My sister Norma and I showed dubious promise; Eleanor and my brother Robert could take it or leave it alone. Mother determined to make something out of Norma and me.

But my ambition then was to be a newspaper reporter. When I finished high school I applied for a job on the Halifax Mail and was told to come back later when I knew how to type. I started morning classes, mainly musical, at university, and to keep out of mischief in the afternoons I worked in a lumber yard. I was hired as a shorthand-typist although I was neither. My employer paid me twelve dollars a week, provided my bus fares and lunches and when it was over I had learned the craft that has kept me alive in London—typing.

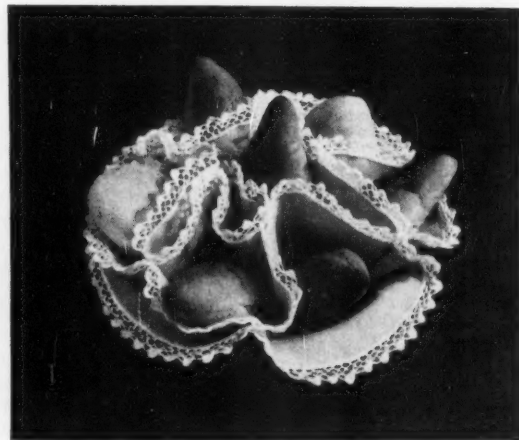
By the end of my second year at university the money had run out. Moreover, my singing teacher, Dr. Ernesto Vinci, now a senior vocal teacher at the Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto, confessed that he saw no future for me as a singer. He advised me to stick to reporting.

I got a job on the Mail but after a while the yen to sing began to bother me again. I went to the Halifax Conservatory of Music and a member of the staff, Mrs. Ernest Hess, encouraged me. Frances Harris, social editor of the Mail, pushed me too. She gave me an eleven o'clock lunch hour so I could take a daily singing lesson. Even the editor helped. He gave me leave of absence so I could take advantage of a summer scholarship to the Julliard School of Music in New York, arranged for me by Mrs. Hess. When I returned she placed me under the tutelage of Maris Vetra, former manager of the Riga National Opera and now collaborating on a Canadian opera school with Edward Johnson, former head of the Metropolitan. I was a busy girl in those days and sometimes, now that I have adopted the theatrical habit of sleeping until noon to recover from last night's show, I wish I still had my old energy.

I used to get up every morning at six and practice. Then I walked a mile to a stable where I fed and groomed two horses I had bought in a mad moment—one because I fell in love with him, the other to keep my love company. After that I went to work, took my music lesson, worked until five-thirty, and from six until eight gave singing lessons to a class of thirteen pupils. In my spare time I wrote farming articles to support the horses.

Opera took an upward swing in Halifax about that time and I sang in Aida, La Bohème, Don Giovanni and the Tales of Hoffmann. Then, through Maris Vetra, I won a Talent Trust scholarship of one thousand dollars and again got leave of absence from my paper to study full time in Halifax. During that year the IODE sponsored a recital for me, another friend, who owned a printing press, printed the programs and tickets free of charge and I got the proceeds after expenses. Since there were hardly any expenses, thanks to my friends, I was richer by another three hundred dollars. (You can see what I mean about being a community effort.) When the year was out Mr. Vetra thought I was ready for Europe and the Talent Trust provided the second scholarship which brought me to London. During the three years I have been here, whenever my future seemed really black, a shaft of light came from another Halifax friend, Miss E. L. Strachan, in the form of a small cheque or a pair of nylons.

I hope some day I can pay all my friends back. My teacher Joseph Hislop, singing director of the Royal Opera, thinks I will be ready for Covent Garden when the run of Paint Your Wagon ends. This will probably be early next spring. I hope he is right. I am much less confident now than I was in Halifax—I know that if I get a place at the Royal Opera I won't set the world on fire right away. But in another sense I'm more confident, thanks to the people who sent me here. For then it was a daydream, now it is a reality. +



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# Chatelaine Meals of the Month

## December

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER		BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
<b>TUE</b> <b>1</b>	Orange Juice Oatmeal Porridge Toast Jam	Scrambled Eggs Toast Celery Raw Carrot Strips Canned Cherries Cookies	Hot Meat Loaf Scalloped Potatoes Peas Apple Pie with Cheese	<b>SUN</b> <b>20</b>	Orange Halves Scrambled Eggs Toast Jelly	Cream of Mushroom Soup Assorted Sandwiches Pumpkin Tarts Whipped Cream	Dressed Pork Tenderloin Baked Potatoes Diced Beets Steamed Light Fruit Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce
<b>WED</b> <b>2</b>	Prunes with Lemon Prepared Cereal Bran Muffins Honey	Cold Meat Loaf Molded Vegetable Salad Toasted Muffins Sliced Bananas	Baked Sausages Mashed Potatoes Creamed Onions Cup Cakes Cherry Sauce	<b>MON</b> <b>21</b>	Grapefruit Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Jam	Cold Meat Pickles Potato Salad Fruit Pudding (from Sunday)	Hamburger Patties Potato au Gratin Peas and Carrots Fresh Applesauce Spice Cake
<b>THU</b> <b>3</b>	Tomato Juice Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Marmalade	Cream of Celery Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Prune Whip Wafers	Stewed Chicken with Dumplings Buttered Carrots Green Beans Fruit Cup Iced Cakes	<b>TUE</b> <b>22</b>	Orange Juice Rolled Oats Toast Applesauce	Cheese Soufflé Celery Stewed Prunes Cookies	Pot Roast of Beef Boiled Potatoes Mashed Squash Sherbet Cake (from Monday)
<b>FRI</b> <b>4</b>	Orange Sections Whole-wheat Porridge Toast Jelly	Potato Salad with Deviled Eggs Strawberry Preserves Nut Bread	Poached Finnan Haddie Spanish Rice Spinach Chilled Lemon Pudding	<b>WED</b> <b>23</b>	Prune Juice with Lemon Bacon Toast Marmalade	Salmon Creamed with Mushroom Soup on Toast Grapefruit Halves	Vegetable Soup Cold Sliced Pot Roast Lyonnaise Potato Kernel Corn Cottage Pudding Hot Fudge Sauce
<b>SAT</b> <b>5</b>	Apple Juice Farina with Dates Toast Jam	Creamed Chicken on Toast Lettuce Wedges Russian Dressing Butter Tarts	Baked Beans with Bacon Brown Bread Cole Slaw Vanilla Ice Cream Fruit Sauce Crisp Cookies	<b>THU</b> <b>24</b>	Orange Sections Whole-grain Cereal Toast Jelly	Wieners and Beans Brown Bread Canned Peaches Iced Cake (leftover Cottage Pudding)	Shepherd's Pie Boiled Shredded Cabbage Steamed Tomatoes Baked Caramel Custard
<b>SUN</b> <b>6</b>	Half Grapefruit Prepared Cereal Savory Omelet Toast Conserve	Salmon and Celery Salad Hot Rolls Cream Cheese Jelly Toasted Nut Bread	Rump Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes Baked Squash Graham Cracker Cream Pie	<b>FRI</b> <b>25</b>	Fresh Fruit Bowl Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Jam	Corn Chowder with Pimiento Tossed Salad Rolls Individual Mince Pies	Tomato Bouillon Roast Chicken Jelly Whipped Potatoes Creamed Onions Carrots Holiday Ice Cream Fruit Cake Shortbread
<b>MON</b> <b>7</b>	Blended Fruit Juices Oatmeal Toasted Rolls Jelly	Spaghetti Tomato Sauce Brown Bread Baked Apples with Marshmallows	Vegetable Soup Cold Roast Beef Hashed Brown Potatoes Creamed Corn Chocolate Pudding	<b>SAT</b> <b>26</b>	Pineapple Juice Prepared Cereal Toasted Rolls Marmalade	Fried Egg Sandwiches Dill Pickles Fresh Grapes Crackers Cheese	Scalloped Oysters Bran Muffins Jellied Cranberry and Apple Salad Frosted Layer Cake
<b>TUE</b> <b>8</b>	Bananas Prepared Cereal Whole-wheat Toast Marmalade	Savory Baked Hash Orange and Grapefruit Sections on Lettuce Hot Cheese Biscuits	Grilled Liver and Onions Boiled Potatoes Creamed Celery Steamed Rice Maple Syrup	<b>SUN</b> <b>27</b>	Half Grapefruit Waffles Syrup	Hot Chicken Turnovers Savory Sauce Green Lima Beans (frozen) Fruit Cup Cake (from Saturday)	Grilled Ham Slices Baked Sweet Potatoes Peas Spanish Cream Icebox Cookies
<b>WED</b> <b>9</b>	Grapefruit Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Jam	Baked Canned Luncheon Meat Creamed Potatoes Canned Berries Cookies	Scotch Broth Vegetable Plate (baked stuffed potatoes, carrots, baked onions, peas) Fresh Applesauce Gingerbread	<b>MON</b> <b>28</b>	Apple Juice Prepared Cereal Toast Conserve	Cabbage Casserole with Bacon Butterscotch Pudding with Chopped Nuts	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Braised Celery Stewed Apricots Cake (leftover)
<b>THU</b> <b>10</b>	Orange Halves Poached Eggs on Toast Conserve	Apple, Raisin and Nut Salad Brown Rolls Gingerbread with Cream Cheese	Pork Chops Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Raspberry Rennet Dessert with Coconut	<b>TUE</b> <b>29</b>	Blended Fruit Juices Whole-wheat Porridge Toast Jam	Tuna Fish Salad Apricots (from Monday) Gingersnaps	Hot Boiled Tongue Horseshoe Potato Cakes Spinach Baked Lemon Pudding
<b>FRI</b> <b>11</b>	Grape Juice Rolled Oats Toast Jelly	Parsley Omelet Toast Stewed Figs Wafers	Breaded Cod Fillets French-fried Potatoes Harvard Beets Pineapple Upside-down Cake	<b>WED</b> <b>30</b>	Tomato Juice Prepared Cereal Date Muffins Honey	Cold Tongue Candied Sweet Potatoes Baked Cup Custards	Chili Con Carne Brown Bread Tossed Salad Apple Crisp
<b>SAT</b> <b>12</b>	Blended Vegetable Juices Prepared Cereal Raisin Scones Marmalade	Potato and Onion Soup Tossed Salad Upside-down Cake (from Friday's dinner)	Wieners and Sauerkraut Buttered Noodles Fruit Jelly Custard Sauce	<b>THU</b> <b>31</b>	Orange and Grapefruit Sections Poached Eggs Toast Jam	Cream of Celery Soup Jellied Fruit Salad with Cottage Cheese Chelsea Buns	Hot Sausage Rolls Scalloped Potatoes Harvard Beets Baked Indian Pudding
<b>SUN</b> <b>13</b>	Fresh Fruit Bowl Cereal Bacon Toast Marmalade	Creamed Asparagus and Hard-cooked Eggs on Toast Relishes Cranberry Tart	Baked Spareribs with Dressing Candied Sweet Potatoes Peas Ice Cream Angel Cake	<div> <p><b>Chatelaine Recipe of the Month</b> † <b>DARK FRUIT CAKE</b></p> <p>1 cup shortening, part butter      ½ teaspoon allspice</p> <p>1 cup dates      1½ teaspoons cinnamon</p> <p>1 cup raisins      ¼ teaspoon cloves</p> <p>1 cup mixed peel      ¼ teaspoon nutmeg</p> <p>¾ cup citron peel      1½ teaspoons vanilla</p> <p>1 cup glacé red and green cherries      1½ teaspoons lemon extract</p> <p>2 slices glacé pineapple      1 teaspoon almond extract</p> <p>½ cup almonds      ½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed</p> <p>3 cups sifted bread flour      3 eggs</p> <p>1½ teaspoons baking powder      2/3 cup tart fruit juice or red wine</p> <p>1½ teaspoon baking soda      1/3 cup honey</p> <p>1 teaspoon salt      1/3 cup mild molasses</p> <p>Measure shortening and butter into mixing bowl. Pit and chop dates; wash and dry raisins; cut peel into small thin pieces; slice cherries and pineapple; blanch and slice almonds lengthwise. Combine in large bowl and set aside until needed. Grease and line cake tins (2 medium-size Christmas cake tins) with 4 layers of heavy waxed paper or 3 layers of brown paper. Grease again. Preheat oven to 275 degrees F. (slow oven). Combine 1 cup of the sifted and measured flour with fruit and nuts in bowl. Sift together remaining flour, baking powder, soda, salt and spices.</p> <p>Cream butter and shortening until fluffy. Add flavorings. Gradually add sugar, mixing until creamy. Add dry ingredients slowly, mixing until well blended. Add fruit and almonds. Mix well. Beat eggs, add fruit juice or wine, honey and molasses. Mix well. Then add to flour and fruit mixture. Mix until blended. Turn into prepared cake tins, filling ¾ full and spreading batter evenly. Bake in a slow oven (275 deg. F.) for 2½ to 3 hours. Remove from oven. Allow to stand in tin for 5 minutes. Turn out on wire cake rack to cool.</p> <p><i>Approved by Chatelaine Institute</i></p> </div>			
<b>MON</b> <b>14</b>	Tomato Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Jam	Pancakes with Syrup and Bacon Lettuce Wedges French Dressing Hot Chocolate	Beef Stew with Vegetables Sliced Oranges and Bananas Cake (from Sunday)				
<b>TUE</b> <b>15</b>	Stewed Apricots Prepared Cereal Wheat-germ Muffins Jelly	Macaroni and Cheese Toasted Muffins Sliced Oranges with Coconut	Grilled Kidneys and Bacon Mashed Potatoes Parsnips Apple Betty				
<b>WED</b> <b>16</b>	Orange Juice Oatmeal Porridge Toast Conserve	Poached Eggs on Toast Lettuce and Onion Salad Chocolate Cake	Roast Veal Brown Gravy Pan-browned Potatoes Wax Beans Apricot Whip				
<b>THU</b> <b>17</b>	Apple Juice Bacon Toast Jam	Scalloped Corn and Tomatoes Canned Pears Cake (from Wednesday)	Peppercorn Soup Cold Sliced Veal Creamed Potatoes Carrots Tapioca with Dates				
<b>FRI</b> <b>18</b>	Half Grapefruit Prepared Cereal Coffee Cake Honey	Clam Chowder Crackers Ice Cream with Maple Syrup	Salmon Loaf Egg Sauce Boiled Potatoes Cole Slaw Fruit Cobbler				
<b>SAT</b> <b>19</b>	Tomato Juice Whole-wheat Porridge Toast Marmalade	Spanish Rice with leftover Veal Carrot and Raisin Salad Coffee Cake (from Friday)	Minute Steaks Pan-fried Potatoes Mashed Turnip Lemon Meringue Pie				



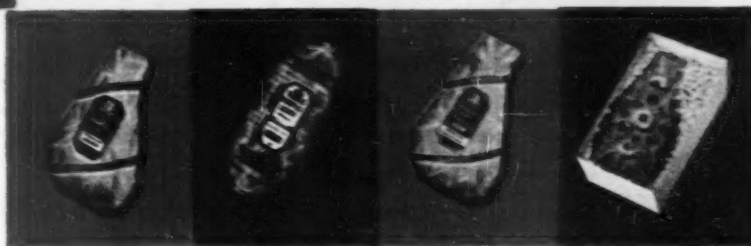
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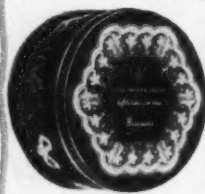
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### PLUG-IN COOKERY

Use the electrical cooking appliances shown on pages 22-24 to make these recipes for your holiday fare.

#### QUICK CHICKEN PIE

1 tablespoon butter    ½ cup diced cooked  
2 tablespoons flour    or canned chicken  
1 cup milk    1 egg  
1 can condensed    biscuit crust  
chicken noodle soup

Melt the butter, blend in the flour and gradually add the milk and the liquid from the chicken soup. Cook, stirring constantly until thickened, combine the hot mixture with the well-beaten egg and fold in the noodles and the diced chicken. Turn into a baking dish and top with a biscuit crust. (One of the ready-mixed biscuit mixtures may be used.) Bake in ovenette or hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 20 minutes or until crust is browned and serve at once. Six servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

#### CHEESE PUFFS

3 egg whites    2 cups grated cheddar or Parmesan cheese  
¼ teaspoon onion or celery salt  
¼ teaspoon salt    1½ cups dry bread crumbs (approx.)

Beat egg whites until frothy, add seasonings and beat again until eggs hold a definite peak. Now gently mix or fold in grated cheese. Fold in ¾ cup bread crumbs. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto dry bread crumbs and roll gently into a ball. (Mixture is soft but it will hold its shape if treated gently.) Fry in deep hot fat (heated to 350 deg. F.) in electric fryer until lightly browned. Drain on brown paper and serve hot. Makes 24-30 puffs.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

#### GINGERBREAD WAFFLES

2 eggs    1 teaspoon cinnamon  
½ cup sugar    1 teaspoon ginger  
½ cup molasses    1 teaspoon soda  
6 tablespoons butter    ½ teaspoon salt  
½ cup hot water  
2 cups sifted pastry flour

Beat eggs and while still beating add sugar and molasses. Melt butter in hot water and add to egg mixture. Sift flour with cinnamon, ginger, soda and salt. Combine mixtures, beating thoroughly. Drop by spoonfuls onto hot waffle iron and cook until crisp. Serve hot with vanilla ice cream or with a bowl of whipped cream, slightly sweetened and flavored with vanilla. Makes 6 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

#### POPCORN BALLS

1½ cups brown sugar    1½ tablespoons butter  
¾ cup water    5 cups popped corn  
1 tablespoon corn syrup

Combine the sugar, water, syrup and butter and bring gradually to the boiling point stirring carefully until the sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking until the syrup will spin a thread when dropped from the tip of a spoon. Pour this syrup over the corn and stir quickly until the popcorn is completely coated. Shape into balls and place on waxed paper to

cool. Makes twelve to fifteen 1½-inch balls. Before starting to shape the balls, grease the hands well to avoid burns from the hot syrup.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

#### CHICKEN TURNOVERS

3 tablespoons butter or margarine    1½ cups liquid (milk or milk and chicken broth)  
¼ cup chopped onion    ½ teaspoon salt  
¼ cup chopped green pepper    pepper to taste  
3 tablespoons flour    2 cups diced cooked chicken  
pastry

Melt butter or margarine, add onion and green pepper and cook slowly until tender but not brown. Blend in the flour and add the liquid. Cook, stirring constantly until thick. Add the salt and pepper and divide the sauce in two equal parts, reserving one half to serve over the baked turnovers. To the remaining half add the diced cooked chicken and set aside to cool.

Make enough pastry for a 2-crust pie. Roll out and cut in 4-inch circles. Place the chicken mixture in the centres of half of the pastry circles. Cover with the remaining circles, moistening and pressing the edges together to seal in the filling. Prick the tops, place on pie plates and bake at 450 deg. F. for 20-30 minutes in the preheated automatic roaster-oven, placing one pie plate on the bottom rack and the other on the baking rack, or bake on a cookie sheet in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 20-30 minutes or until nicely browned.

Serve hot with the sauce which has been reheated in a double boiler. This will make 8 turnovers.

#### CHOP SUEY

2½ to 3 pounds lean pork    4 cups (or 2 15-ounce cans) bean sprouts  
6 tablespoons shortening    6 cups thinly sliced onions  
1 tablespoon salt    ½ cup soy sauce  
8 cups sliced celery stalks    5 cups water or stock  
1 (8-ounce) can mushrooms (sliced)    1 cup flour  
8 cups finely shredded cabbage    10-12 cups cooked rice

Preheat roaster to 500 deg. F. Cut pork in thin strips. Heat shortening in inset pan of roaster, add pork. Cover and brown meat. Add salt, vegetables, soy sauce and liquid. Reduce temperature setting to 450 deg. and cook until vegetables are tender but still somewhat crisp. Mix flour to a paste with a little cold water, stir into the mixture and cook until thickened. Keep hot with control set at 150 deg. and serve with hot fluffy rice.

#### FRENCH TOAST WITH CRANBERRY JELLY (for Christmas breakfast)

3 eggs    2 cups milk  
½ teaspoon salt    12 slices bread

Beat the eggs, add salt and milk and combine thoroughly. Dip the bread slices into the mixture and cook at the table on the handy table grill. Preheat the grill and brush liberally with fat. Brown one side, turn and brown the other side. Serve at once with cranberry jelly, with red cinnamon-flavored applesauce or with your choice of table syrups. Serves 6 with 2 slices each. ♦

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

## LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING TO LIVING

Continued from page 24

handle, or with an open handle. One all-Canadian duo-purpose iron which is being introduced into the U. S. this winter comes in a zippered bag for easier packing. It will steam-iron for twenty minutes on four ounces of water.

Another iron introduced last July won a Canadian Design Award and will change from steam to dry at the turn of a dial. This iron has an open handle for greater ease in getting into small sleeves and it has fifteen steam vents to heat the sole plate instantly. Cords are permanently attached to the side of the iron to keep it off the ironing board. Dual-purpose irons weigh three to three and a half pounds which is a great improvement over the six-pound type mother used to shove around.

You can get a dry iron in yellow, green or blue to match your kitchen. It has a signal light on one side to indicate that the current is on and the cord comes out of the right side of the iron. This light and the cord can be interchanged so that the cord for anyone left-handed comes out of the other side of the iron. This maker is bringing out a new steam iron in the spring, along with a new travel iron that will be equipped with plugs that have changeable and reversible poles for use anywhere in the world. This should eliminate such mishaps as happened to a friend who took our traveling iron to Sweden to find that while the current was fine the Canadian plug wouldn't fit the Swedish socket.

And while we're talking about irons, don't overlook the modern adjustable ironing boards made of metal. One model that will be out shortly adjusts to nine different heights so no matter what your size you can be comfortable either standing or sitting. It has its own electric outlet at the side of the board with a cord that reaches to your wall outlet. You plug your iron into the outlet on the board and run the iron cord through a cord holder that keeps it off your work.

### New Uses for Appliances

Part of the fun of the new kitchen appliances is finding a new use for one, like the friend of ours who was faced with a large office staff party in her home and decided to make the coffee in the portable oven. She discovered that it made ten quarts of the best coffee you've ever tasted, with the added feature that she didn't have to worry about its getting cool. She simply left the oven on low. These portable ovens are extremely useful, for outdoor cooking, for taking on picnics with a whole meal in them, or to the cottage, for an extra oven at home and for plugging in in the basement during hot summer weather. There are several good ones on the market now and by the time you read this there will be at least one new one on the market with an infra-red broiler griddle. These ovens are automatic, and some have signal lights to tell you when it's hot enough. You can do a whole meal in the oven dishes that come with it, or take out all the inside parts and do a twenty-five-pound turkey.

The newest wrinkle in meat cooking is the rotisserie. One of the largest Canadian stove manufacturers introduced at the Canadian National Exhibition last fall a portable rotisserie. This is an electrically driven revolving spit which is contained in its own glass and stainless-steel cabinet. It may be taken out in the garden or carried to the table. It will barbecue twelve pounds of meat at one time, is self-basting and the motor is silent.

Also new last fall, and very useful,

is the electric spit without the cabinet. This can be used in any modern oven. It is simple to set up and plugs into the stove outlet. If the stove is gas you plug the spit cord into a nearby electric outlet and your oven controls apply as usual. The door is left open slightly as for broiling. This spit also comes in a larger size for use over charcoal in your outdoor fireplace or barbecue and in the larger size will barbecue twenty-five pounds of meat at one time. There is another attachment

available with four smaller spits each separately removable for doing such things as cocktail sausages, shrimp, and chicken livers.

These separate spits are about half the price of the complete rotisserie.

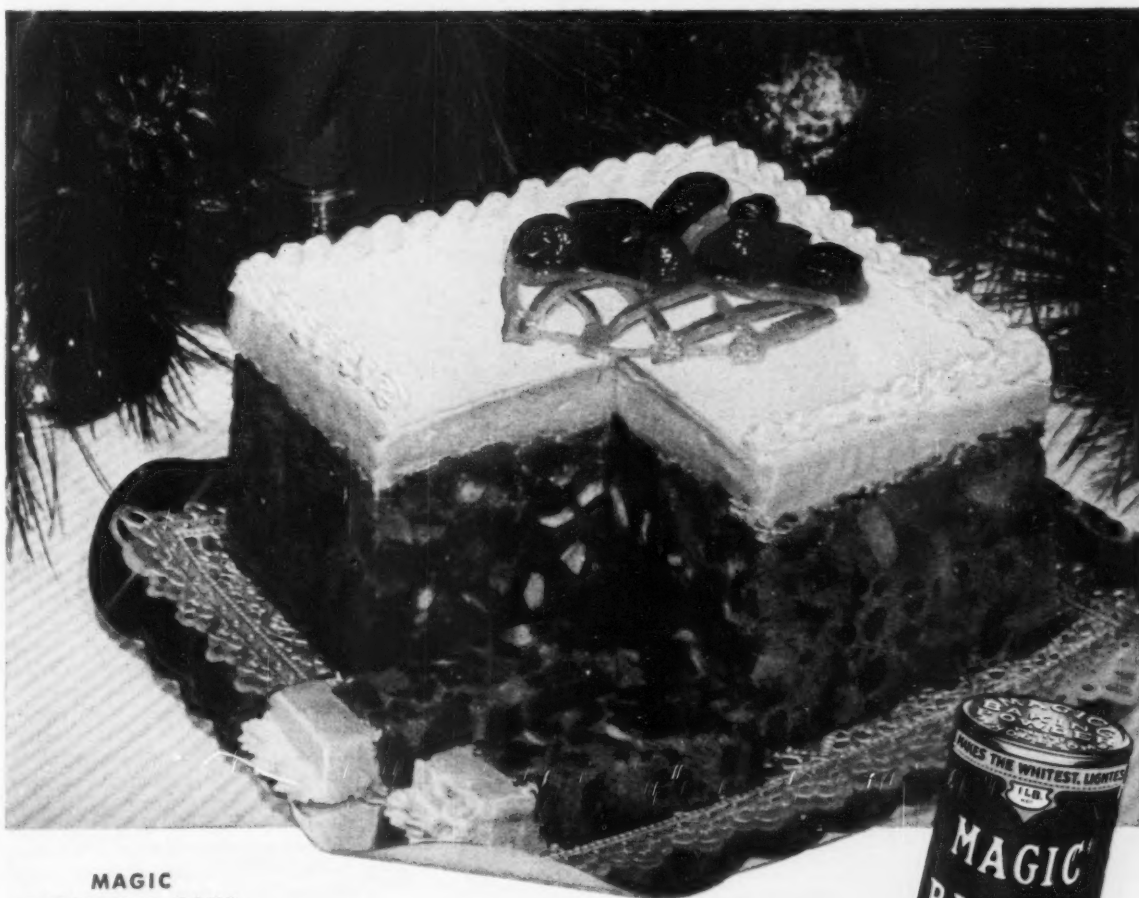
This pronounced trend to barbecued meat has already resulted in one new electric range being introduced in Canada last fall with a barbecue oven as well as an ordinary oven. We haven't gone quite as far as the new American stove that is just out that has a foot

# All the best!

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**MAGIC Fruit Cake!**

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congregate... your Magic Christmas cake!  
Sumptuous with fruits and nutmeats... candied peel,  
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All year round, make your cakes tender and  
perfect-flavored with pure Magic Baking Powder.  
No waste of costly ingredients—and Magic costs  
less than 1¢ per average baking!



### MAGIC CHRISTMAS CAKE

- |                             |                            |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 2 cups seedless raisins     | 3 cups sifted pastry flour |
| 1 cup currants              | or 2½ cups sifted hard-    |
| 1½ cups separated seeded    | wheat flour                |
| raisins                     | 1½ tps. Magic Baking       |
| 1½ cups drained red maras-  | Powder                     |
| chino or candied cherries   | ¾ tsp. salt                |
| (or a mixture of red        | 1½ tps. ground cinnamon    |
| cherries and green          | ½ tsp. grated nutmeg       |
| candied cherries)           | ½ tsp. ground ginger       |
| 1 cup almonds               | ¼ tsp. ground mace         |
| 1 cup cut-up pitted dates   | ¼ tsp. ground cloves       |
| 1½ cups slivered or chopped | 1 cup butter               |
| mixed candied peels and     | 1½ cups lightly-packed     |
| citron                      | brown sugar                |
| ½ cup cut-up candied        | 6 eggs                     |
| pineapple or other          | ¼ cup molasses             |
| candied fruits              | ½ cup cold strong coffee   |
| 1 tps. finely-chopped       |                            |
| candied ginger              |                            |

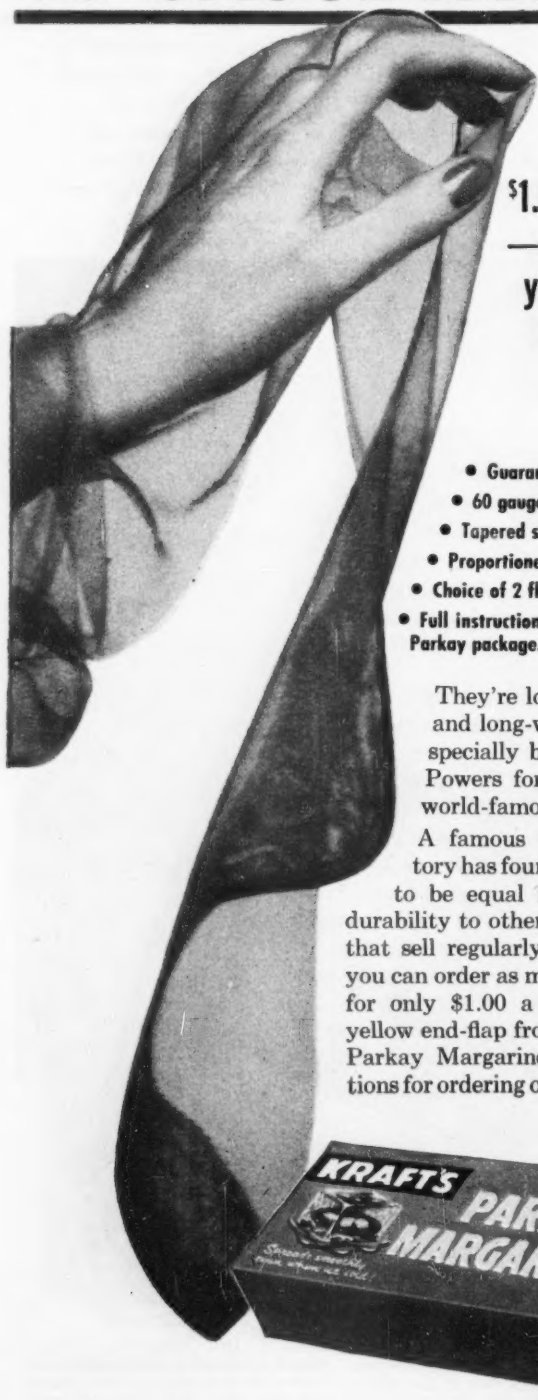
Wash and dry the seedless raisins and currants. Wash and dry the seeded raisins, if necessary, and cut into halves. Cut cherries into halves. Blanch the almonds and cut into halves. Prepare the dates, peels and citron, candied pineapple or other fruits, and ginger. Sift together 3 times, the flour, Magic Baking Powder, salt, cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger, mace and cloves; add prepared fruits and nuts, a few at a time, mixing until fruits are separated and coated with flour. Cream the butter; gradually blend in the sugar. Add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition; stir in molasses. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture alternately with coffee, combining thoroughly after each

addition. Turn batter into a deep 8-inch square cake pan that has been lined with three layers of heavy paper and the top layer greased with butter; spread evenly. Bake in a slow oven, 300°, 2½ to 3 hours. Let cake stand in its pan on a cake cooler until cold. Store in a crock, or wrap in waxed paper and store in a tin. A few days before cake is to be cut, top with almond paste and ornamental icing; just before cutting, cake may be decorated attractively.

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- Full instructions for ordering on every Parkay package.

They're lovely . . . sheer and long-wearing! Styled specially by John Robert Powers for his beautiful, world-famous Cover Girls! A famous testing laboratory has found these Nylons to be equal in quality and durability to other leading makes that sell regularly at \$1.95. But you can order as many as you like for only \$1.00 a pair, plus the yellow end-flap from a package of Parkay Margarine. Full instructions for ordering on each package.



Get Kraft's delicious Parkay today!  
It spreads smoothly even when ice cold!

pedal to open the broiler drawer, not to mention a food-conditioner unit that will blow either warm or cool air on your food! But those separate stainless-steel ovens to be installed at your desired height are now available in Canada as well as cooking elements in units of two, which can be built into your counters anywhere you wish.

But whatever kind of stove you have in your home do have a kitchen exhaust fan. It is preferable to install them directly over the cooking elements but if this is not practical a wall type of exhaust fan is quite satisfactory providing the fan is in the direct flow of the fumes and vapor from the range. You'll be amazed at the difference in comfort and lack of cooking odors and grease.

Another direct outcome of the relaxed, informal, and mobile kind of entertaining people are doing nowadays is the assortment of handsome multi-purpose griddles, sandwich-makers, waffle makers and suchlike on display in the electrical appliance shops and department stores. There are quite a few of these to be selected with care for what you use most. If your family doesn't eat waffles there are kinds without waffle grids. And you can get them automatic or not as your budget suggests. A big one will toast, fry, grill, and bake waffles and will take eight sandwiches at once, or half a dozen eggs, or at least twelve hamburgers. An automatic signal light tells you when to put in the food. Wonderful for the gang in the evening either in the kitchen, the dining room, or out on the patio or porch. Another type is the flat electric griddle. If this is the type you would use most, make sure it has definite heat positions so you can control it. This type doesn't have waffle irons.

### Mixers for Everything

In the toaster line the Canadian homemaker can have anything her little heart desires from the original drop-side toaster (you can still make good sandwiches in these) to the newest chromium beauty that gently lowers your bread automatically when the bread is put in, and as gently raises it when it is finished. There is even one new toaster which raises the toast up an extra inch if you're toasting small slices such as rye bread. Most toasters have crumb trays for easier cleaning. Make sure that the compensation of the toaster you buy is good, that is, that the eighth piece of toast will be just the same color as the first one you toast. The new toasters will toast in less than two minutes. Any of them are good toasters, all of them are good-looking and one of them won a Canadian Design Award for its streamline slickness.

When it comes to food mixers you have to decide first which you want, the big mixer on its own stand with mixing bowls, or the small portable beaters that can be used in any bowl or kettle in the kitchen.

There is a noticeable trend to the smaller type at present. And for your selection there are several good ones on the market. Some have two speeds, some have up to five speeds. Make sure the one you select will rest back on its base, also that you can hang it on the wall if you wish. One beater has no centre pole in the beater which makes it easier washing. Also examine the

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for the little lady . . .

nor for any Canadian Pacific traveller! Aboard Canadian Pacific trains we are continually searching for ways to make you more comfortable . . . such as spotless, *private* washrooms in your roomette or compartment, with plenty of soap and hot water and thirsty towels. It's the little touches like this that make travelling Canadian Pacific such a pleasant experience.

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THE WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

different methods of ejecting the actual beaters and pick the one easiest for you to handle. A new one has a double thumb rest and a hook for hanging. Most of them are designed small enough to put in the average kitchen drawer, but personally we like ours hanging within reach.

Some women prefer the big stationary mixer and of this type there are many excellent ones on the market. All are high-priced so carefully examine what attachments go with the purchase and what attachments have to be bought separately. The most complete one we saw is also by far the most expensive. But it's just about a whole kitchen of appliances in itself. If you have some of the larger expensive appliances already, this would not be for you. It has four separate outlets for different types of attachments, one to take the beaters, and a whisk, and a dough hook for bread makers; a second outlet is low speed for such things as a coffee mill, a chopper, a slicer and shredder, and

purpose. Handy for the kids or the bar. Drinks can also be made in your blender, or the blender attachment to your mixer. There are one-speed blenders and two-speed blenders and for making drinks, soups, mixing dressings or batters you'll use this appliance daily. And they're a cinch to clean. Just pour in a little water and detergent powder and flick the switch on for five seconds.

One of the most useful kitchen appliances, we feel, is the electric floor

polisher and scrubber. A brush around the kitchen linoleum after dinner leaves the floor shining and scuffless and ready for any group of evening sandwich makers. To say nothing of the other rooms in the house where you will use this daily. Attachments to scrub, sand, wax and polish are available on most. And they come in one, two and three brush types.

If your family likes doughnuts and fried chicken and potatoes you should have a look at the gleaming new array

of deep-fat fryers on the market. There will be more this winter too. This appliance is a new one but is making itself felt. One of the better known ones is usable as a cooker as well, for pot roasts, as a corn popper, a steamer and a food warmer. It has automatic thermostatic control. New streamlined electric casseroles are now in test too and should be making an appearance this winter.

The Canadian housewife now has electric kitchen aids that our grand-

☆ ☆ ☆

### THE GIFT

By H. L. Hewlett

They tell me the world is troubled  
and torn  
By quarreling rent asunder . . .  
Yet I come out in a frost-faired  
morn  
Through delicately jeweled make-  
believe  
Reborn pathways of wonder.  
And I go home through a blue blue  
eve  
Under a fuschia are in a sky  
Ablaze with a first star's thunder.

The world is wearying away, they  
say,  
Old men mumbling and young men  
dying —  
The once sure faiths in a slow  
decay —  
Yet with all His beauty around me  
ringing  
My wayward heart persists in its  
singing  
As a wild bird chanting a paean of  
praise  
For the gift of a new, crystal and  
blue, beautiful winter's day.

☆ ☆ ☆

a can opener. A third outlet is for the juice extractor so you can leave this set up, and a fourth high-speed outlet is for the liquidizer-blender attachment. There is even a potato-peeler attachment if your family size justifies it. All the better food mixers have some of these attachments and in several of them the beaters can be taken off the stand and used portably.

One stationary mixer has twenty different speeds and the motor is permanently packed in grease.

The pioneer maker of these electric food mixers still makes the original vertical-type mixer as well as the more usual horizontal type. It is rather interesting to learn that the first mixer was made by hooking a sewing-machine motor up to a hand beater. And from that humble beginning has come the beautiful, multi-purpose appliance we see in so many homes today.

For drink mixing there is a new little mixer on the market just for this



When recipes  
call for Beans—  
call for HEINZ

### Baked Bean and Pork Chop Casserole

Heat oven to 350° F. (moderate). Combine 1 20-ounce can Heinz Oven-Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce or with Pork and Tomato Sauce,  $\frac{2}{3}$  cup chopped onion,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, and 3 tablespoons Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Pour into  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -quart casserole. Brown 4 medium size pork chops in skillet. Place on top of beans. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Bake, uncovered, at 350°F. 1 to  $1\frac{1}{4}$  hours or until meat is tender. Makes 4 servings.

FREE! Heinz Oven-Baked Bean Recipe Booklet.  
Write H. J. Heinz Company of Canada Ltd., Dept.  
S.P., Leamington, Ont.

Whenever your ideas for a meal include beans as a main dish or ingredient, make sure of a result that will win praise from your family. Heinz chefs take no short cuts with their famous beans—they're patiently baked until every golden-brown morsel is ready to burst with tenderness—and then steeped in spicy sauces. Heinz makes the beans, and the beans make the dish, no matter which of the five varieties you use—Heinz Beans with Pork, Beans in Tomato Sauce, Boston Style Beans, Beans with Sliced Wieners and Tomato Sauce, or Red Kidney Beans with Pork—they're all oven baked.



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Exquisite Royal Doulton dinnerware! If you cherish beautiful things, you couldn't choose... or receive... a lovelier gift for your table. Available in the better stores across Canada... at surprisingly moderate prices.



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Charming floral centre with delicate border design. 5 Piece Place Setting \$5.05

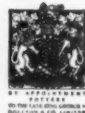
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\$23.75



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Made by the ROYAL DOULTON POTTERIES, BURSLEM, ENGLAND



(Advertisement)

mothers never even dreamed of. There are electric knife sharpeners to keep your knives razor-sharp and so much easier to use. There are automatic defrosting units to plug in between your refrigerator and the wall plug that will end manual defrosting, if you haven't the newest model of refrigerator out. And how many of us have? There are miracle taps with brushes to scrape and rinse your dishes and wire brushes to scrub your vegetables, and pans too if you like. There are at least three different electric fly and odor killers on the market to keep your kitchen free from pests and odors. One caution though. If you have the kind that takes pills, do not run it too long. This is a form of poisonous fumigation and should be used only with strict attention to the manufacturer's directions. If you use the bulb type, be sure to hang it above eye level. And for use on farms, in dairy barns, or in garages and many other places there are even, so help me, elements to be used in a pail of water to keep it hot. One is a rod that looks like an electric soldering iron, and the other is a coiled element that will fit in the bottom of the pail. This type comes in two strengths, fifteen thousand and three thousand watts.

There are several electric egg cookers out now, too, some with matching egg cups. These will boil or poach from one to six eggs exactly as you like them and do it accurately and automatically. When they're done, the heat goes off. There are electric baby-bottle sterilizers and formula makers that will do six bottles at a time, also automatically. And for the kitchen wall there are any number of good electric kitchen clocks.

One new one has a protruding glass which gives angle vision making it easy to see from the side.

If you happen to have an older house, as about ninety percent of us have, and your kitchen is on the north and not too warm those few extreme winter days, get yourself one of the new radiant-heat-in-glass panels. They are extremely efficient, clean and safe and if you buy a portable one you can use it in any room that seems chilly. You can also take it with you when you move.

On trips to the United States you've doubtless seen electric appliances we do not find on the market in Canada. Such things as an electric mill for grinding whole grains into bread flour, and electric machines for making yogurt, a home version of the butcher's meat slicer (very expensive), electric ice-cream makers, electric soup tureens for buffet parties and even electric coffee makers to make *café espresso*. Maybe you have wondered why they never appear here, or maybe just why they appear period.

Many of these appliances will not pass the Canadian Standards Association tests. Every good electrical appliance sold in Canada has a CSA stamp on it. Look for it, rely on it, and be thankful for it. A fire started by an appliance not approved by CSA could affect your fire insurance.

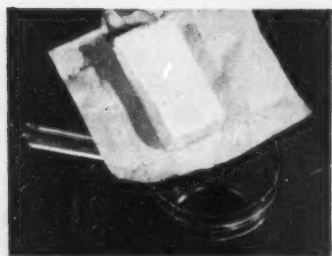
And now, mother, if your feet are tired from running around pushing buttons and watching machines work, just sink into that rocker and put those feet up on that little round footstool and really relax. Don't look now. It's a foot vibrator to bring you back to life at the end of a hard (?) day. +

## How to Make

# Mock Hollandaise Sauce

Serve asparagus—broccoli—cauliflower with this superb Mock Hollandaise Sauce, made with the cream cheese that's *guaranteed fresh*, world-famous Philadelphia Brand!

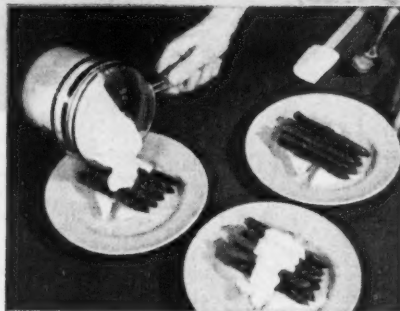
For delicately flavored sauce you need the special freshness and richness that only Philadelphia Brand gives you. The little red Kraft K on the package helps you pick this famous brand at a glance.



1. Place 8-oz. pkg. of Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese (which has softened at room temperature) in top of double boiler. Cream it with a spoon.



2. Add 2 egg yolks, one at a time, blending thoroughly after each addition. Slowly add 2 tablespoons of lemon juice and a dash of salt.



3. Place over hot water just until sauce is heated through. Pour over hot cooked asparagus, on toast. For best flavor use only Philadelphia Brand Cream cheese, made by Kraft.

## HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR KITCHEN APPLIANCES

By Marie Holmes  
Chatelaine Institute

The new brightly finished plug-in electrical appliances are well constructed and should give you long service if they are properly used and cared for. So don't put them on a high shelf or at the back of the cupboard where they'll be forgotten.

For best results and longer wear always read the manufacturer's instructions supplied with the appliance. Reserve a small drawer or a section of your cupboard for the instruction booklets and guarantees for your appliances.

### Cleaning:

To keep the chrome or other shiny metal surfaces like new, polish with a soft cloth before putting the appliance away. If soiled or finger marked, wipe with cloth wrung out of warm soap or detergent suds, then polish with dry soft cloth. Never allow spots to remain on the chrome. If the spots are stubborn, rub with a damp cloth and a little whiting (sold in drug stores) or chrome polish and then polish with soft cloth.

Always keep electric appliances away from stove burners and never immerse them in water, since this will ruin the electrical connections.

### Waffle Irons and Griddles

Marked cooking surfaces of electric griddles may be cleaned with mild scouring powder. If badly stained use fine scouring pads.

Avoid use of too much grease on griddles or waffle irons as overflow

cooking grease may seep into electrical connections and also "cook" onto sides and bottom of the appliances.

### Toasters

Remove crumbs from bottom of automatic toasters and from drop-down sides of non-automatic toasters. If allowed to accumulate crumbs will mark surface and in some cases corrode the metal.

Toasters with drop-down sides tend to collect crumbs under the element. To clean them out use a fine small brush such as baby-bottle brush.

### Small Motor Appliances

Motor appliances, such as electric mixers, juicers, etc., may need oiling occasionally. Follow manufacturer's instructions, oiling at the points indicated and at regular intervals whether the appliance has been frequently used or not. Keep a small can of light household oil on hand (sewing-machine oil will do) for this purpose.

### Electric Kettles

Do not allow an accumulation of deposit to build up inside the kettle. Occasionally treat kettle with a special deposit remover.

### Cords

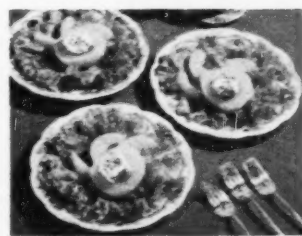
Most small appliances have their own plug-in cords. If the cords are not permanently attached, roll them up and store each with the appliance to which it belongs.

Attached iron cords will last much longer if they are not allowed to curl or rub against the ironing board. Special cord holders are sold for this purpose. The holder is clamped on the end of the ironing board, keeping the cord free from the board but is sufficiently flexible to allow plenty of movement. ♦

(Advertisement)

## How to make 5 more

## Menu-Brighteners with cream cheese



**CLAM APPETIZER DIP** Rub bowl with a cut clove of garlic. In the bowl blend 8-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese with 2 tsps. lemon juice, 1½ tsps. Worcestershire sauce, ½ tsp. salt, dash pepper, ½ c. drained canned minced clams, 4 tbsps. clam broth. Serve with potato chips or crackers.

### CREAM CHEESE FAN SALAD

Cut one 4-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand into 6 cubes. Roll cubes in finely chopped nutmeats. On salad plates

arrange: lettuce, a peach half, a cheese-nut square on each peach half. Arrange 3 peach slices around each peach half. Serve with Kraft French Dressing.



**WONDERFUL WAFFLE TRICK** Add a little milk to Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese; whip with a fork until light and fluffy. Serve with jelly on golden-brown waffles. This "Philly" topping is delicious on gingerbread, too. An easy way to dress up many simple desserts!

**DANDY DOUBLE DECKER** Make a whole wheat bread sandwich with tart jelly or jam. Spread another slice with creamy-white "Philadelphia". Sprinkle with chopped nuts and place on top. Nutritious!



**STUFFED PRUNE AND DATE DESSERT** Soften a 4-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese with a little milk. Force softened cream cheese through pastry tube into pitted dates and prunes. Arrange on round platter.

it's flexible!



it's unbreakable!

keeps food fresh!



it's polythene

REFRIGERATOR bowls that keep moist foods fresh and canisters that keep dry foods free-flowing are just two of the many serviceable items now made from polythene.

You'll find flexible ice cube trays that "pop" the cubes out... re-usable bags which keep fruits and vegetables crisp and fresh... unbreakable tumblers... handy "squeeze" bottles... all made of polythene.

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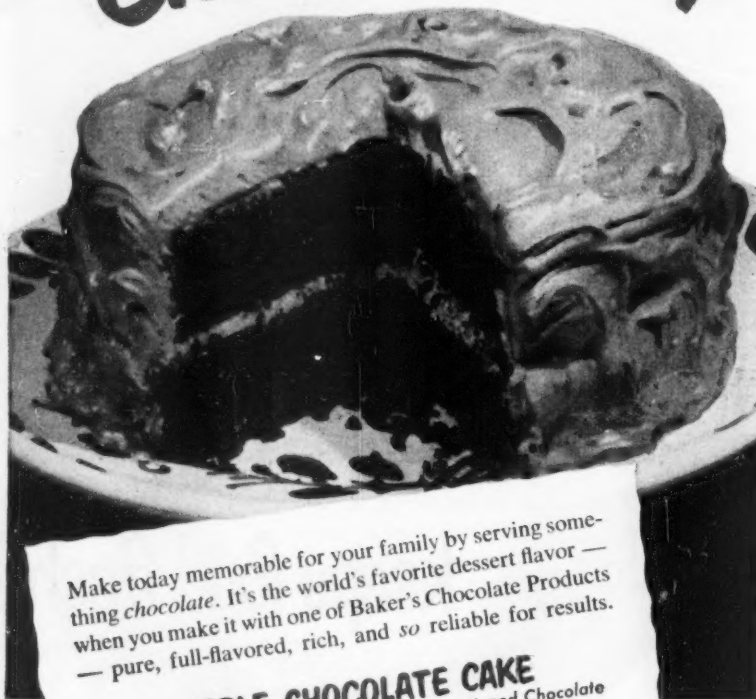
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Make today memorable for your family by serving something chocolate. It's the world's favorite dessert flavor — when you make it with one of Baker's Chocolate Products — pure, full-flavored, rich, and so reliable for results.

## MAPLE CHOCOLATE CAKE

Delicious and rich, made with Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate

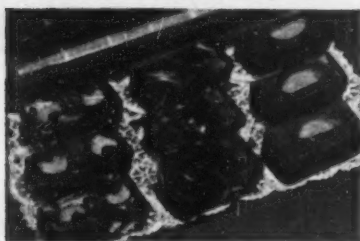
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 cups sifted Swans Down<br>Cake Flour | 2 eggs, unbeaten                                      |
| 1 teaspoon baking soda                 | 3 squares Baker's<br>Unsweetened Chocolate,<br>melted |
| ¾ teaspoon salt                        | Milk*   |
| ½ cup shortening                       | 1 teaspoon vanilla                                    |
| 1½ cups sugar                          |   |

\*1 cup milk with butter, margarine; 1 cup plus 2 tbsps. with shortening. Sift flour once, measure, add soda and salt; sift three times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually; cream together. Add eggs, one at a time; beat well after each. Add melted chocolate; blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Turn into two deep 9-inch layer pans, lined on bottom with paper. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. Fill and frost with maple flavored brown sugar 7-minute frosting. Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate — THE BLUE AND YELLOW PACKAGE

## Add chocolate delight to puddings

Take your favorite pudding powder — Jell-O Butterscotch is extra good this way — and when slightly cooled, fold in Baker's Chocolate Chips. 'S wonderful! Baker's Chips are so even in size, so smoothly rich. Best for all chocolate chip cooking.

THE CHIPS IN A CARTON



## Chocolate candy so easy to make

To make wonderful chocolate bars practically all you have to do is melt Baker's Dot Semi-Sweet Chocolate. Add raisins, nuts, coconut — you'll find lots of suggestions on the Dot Chocolate package.

THE RED AND YELLOW PACKAGE

# BAKER'S

UNSWEETENED CHOCOLATE  
CHOCOLATE CHIPS  
DOT SEMI-SWEET CHOCOLATE



Products of  
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CH-313M

## A PALACE AWAY FROM HOME

Continued from page 19

people claim it is haunted and the ghost of Joseph Howe, Nova Scotia's favorite son, who died in it, is said to have been seen peering disconsolately out of an upstairs window.

It is one hundred and fifty-three years since the cornerstone was laid, but even in its gay and giddy youth when local notables danced the Country Bumpkin in its high-ceilinged ballroom, it never looked handsomer. Six years ago it underwent a complete face-lifting from the coach house, which was turned into a garage, to the addition of a shiny electric dishwasher in the gloomy subterranean kitchen.

When the present Lieutenant-Governor, Alistair Fraser, was appointed last year it was like a home-coming. Forty years ago as a law student at Dalhousie University he lived in Government House when his father was lieutenant-governor. Today, Duncan, his twenty-two-year-old son, is attending Dalhousie's law school and living at home in Government House.

A guest at Government House today might feel he has stepped into a pair of his ancestor's buckled shoes and found them a little too big. To match the rooms, which are three or four times as large as those in ordinary houses, the furniture, with its impressive labels like Chippendale and Sheraton, is generously proportioned. Even the beds are oversize and mattresses have to be specially made. An average wardrobe is lost in the immense armoires designed to accommodate uniforms heavy with braid and brass and crinolines bolstered up with dozens of petticoats. But a reassuring modern note is the sound of the latest jazz wafting down the hall from Duncan's room where he entertains his college friends amid heavy maroon draperies and Victorian furniture.

The people of Halifax can thank Frances, the beautiful wife of Governor Sir John Wentworth, for having the house built. Frances was a woman with high social ambitions and a taste for riding across Bedford Basin, Cleopatra-style, in a galley rowed by dark-skinned natives from Jamaica. Sir John, urged on by Frances, goaded the close-fisted legislature of the day into putting up three times as much money as the original estimate. The Wentworths were so anxious to start keeping house that they moved in in 1805 while the plasterers were still working. Frances had openly carried on a flirtation with jolly, red-faced Prince William, later William IV, when he visited Halifax as a young naval officer and had subsequently been snubbed by Halifax society. But she had a sweet revenge. When she moved into her new home she held a mammoth house-warming and invited none of her enemies.

The times were rough but gay. Garbage was dumped into Halifax streets and pirates were publicly hanged and left on the gallows until their bones dropped. Every merchant kept a keg of rum in his store with a dipper for his customers to refresh themselves. The town was well supplied with grog shops and dancing houses but there was no police force and no street lights.

Sir John Wentworth went bankrupt entertaining his wife's friends and after she died ended his days in a dingy rooming house nearby. The next governor took one look at his expensive residence and demanded more salary.

The first member of the royal family to step over the threshold was Edward, Prince of Wales, who visited Halifax in 1860 when he was nineteen. The people were so anxious to make a good impression on the future Edward VII that they swept the red-brick streets in front of Government House so that "no papers, bottles or old boots" should be seen. Halifax had already grown into an important city by this time with a night watch parading the streets shouting out the time and gas lamps hissing on every street corner.

Visitors to Government House today are actually received at its back door, by a well-starched maid, one of five servants necessary to keep it running smoothly. The marble-columned front entrance faces Hollis Street, but Hollis Street through the years gradually became both shabby and bawdy. Finally when Halifax's most notorious house of ill fame (no longer in operation) set up business across the street, Government House slammed its door shut on Hollis Street and began receiving visitors through its more respectable back door on Barrington.

To the left of the main hallway is a small brass dinner bell which used to be the ship's bell on the doughty old British warship, Shannon, famed for defeating the much bigger American Chesapeake in the war of 1812.

The anteroom to the right of the main hallway is papered in silver Cherry Blossom pattern, a five-thousand-year-old design that was used to line tea chests from China.

Every room in Government House opens into another. The anteroom leads into the blue drawing-room with its three great plaster valances resplendent in new gold leaf over the windows. The rug in this room was bought for the visit of George VI and Queen Elizabeth in 1939 after much debate in the Nova Scotia legislature about whether the province could afford it in those depression days.

Nearly seventy years before that the wife of Canada's then governor-general, Lady Dufferin, stood in this same room beside the Adam fireplace and was presented with three successive bouquets of flowers during a visit that was a fiasco from start to finish. Many Maritimers were still violently opposed to Confederation in 1873 and showed their disapproval by refusing to kneel in churches when prayers for the governor-general were said. For the viceregal visitors the guard of honor turned up one hour late at the wrong place. Lady Dufferin was presented with the three bouquets which she found impossible to hold. During the toast after dinner the orchestra didn't know when to stop playing God Save the Queen and so just went on playing it. To try to inject some spark into the proceedings a fire engine display was staged on the street outside.

At the front of the house is the crimson-curtained dining room. Most of the royal visitors to the house have sat down to banquets at the polished mahogany table which has been in the house since it was built. The bell-shaped chandelier has disappeared several times



# Christmas Cheer by the painful!

Look at that crackly-gold glaze . . . just waiting for the touch of a knife to uncover the tender pink slices. Did *anything* ever say "Come and get it!" so *festively*? It's *Swift's Premium Ham*. Canada's *favourite* . . . and do you know why?

Swift selects and sugar-cures only the finest hams from tender grain-fed porkers . . . s-l-o-w-l-y smokes them over fragrant hardwoods to just the right degree of rosy tenderness. Nothing's too much trouble, no detail too small to make sure every Swift's Premium Ham is a feast worthy of Christmas at *your* house!



## Sparkly grapes add drama!

FREE at your food store . . . Martha Logan's instructions. How to make the delicious grape garnish (so easy, and pretty enough to hang on the tree!) . . . plus recipes for 3 extra-good Second-Day Dishes to make with Swift's Premium Ham.



What a heart-warming gift!

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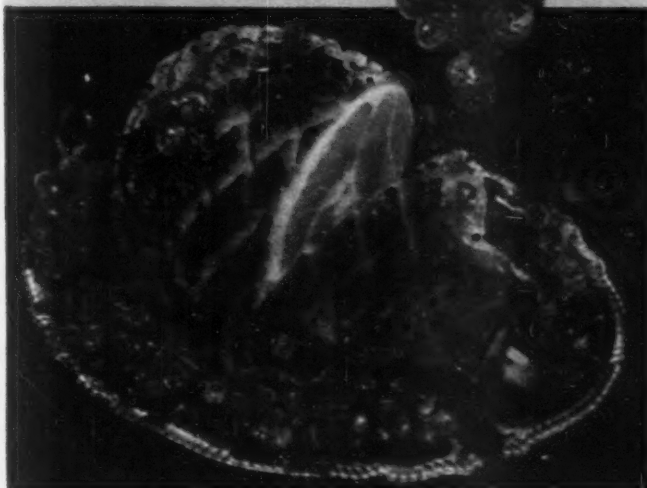
UNCOOKED FULLY COOKED FRUITED CANNED

## Swift's Premium Ham



Tune in  
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LIMITED



SWIFT—TO SERVE YOUR FAMILY BETTER

The Gift Shirt  
that gives him **MORE**

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Available in  
**BLUE • TAN  
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- ▲ As easy to wash as a pocket handkerchief... needs no ironing — a wonderful advantage when he's travelling, cuts down laundry bills right through the year.
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THE FIRST NYLON SHIRT THAT PLEASES EVERYONE

with departing lieutenant-governors but somehow has always found its way back.

In November 1878 Princess Louise, the fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, and her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, dined with Sir John A. Macdonald in this room. The newspapers described the princess as "pale and beautiful" and remarked that she wore the same "beef-eater" bonnet when she left as when she had arrived. Her husband and her brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, who happened to be along, tucked in heartily, while outdoors pipers went up and down lustily playing *The Campbells Are Coming* in the pouring rain. But the Princess could only pick at her food. The boat trip to Canada had been rough and she had been seasick all the way.

On the latest royal tour, Princess Elizabeth and Philip sat down to this table which was set with ruby glass and silver and lit by silver candlesticks interlaced with garlands of flowers. Mrs. J. A. D. McCurdy, Mrs. Fraser's predecessor, was hostess and she tempted her royal guests with a dinner of borsch, scallops, roast partridge, red currant jelly, spinach *purée aux carottes*, *pommes de terre*, English trifle, anchovy eggs in aspic—all topped off with pineapple slices, cherries, and nuts, raisins and coffee. The meal apparently was a great success, because afterward the Duke obliged the twenty-six guests by singing a rousing chorus of *Annie Laurie*.

On the other side of the main hall is the white-and-gold ballroom which runs the full length of the house, with Grecian pillars dividing off one end. This room, with its white-and-black alabaster candelabra and three white Italian marble fireplaces, probably has more memories than any other room in the house. Its mirrors have reflected Lady Wentworth's gay companions in their low-cut Empire gowns, dancing country sets until morning. Later it was demure Victorian maidens waltzing sedately like rotating tea cosies with layers of petticoats under their crinolines. Still later their descendants in knee-length skirts and windblown bobs jiggled to the Bunny Hug and Turkey Trot.

On Boxing Day last year the mirrors looked down on the pastels of today's off-the-shoulder dresses when Mrs. Fraser revived an old custom and held a ball for Halifax debutantes.

This ball was much more successful than one held many years ago by a former lieutenant-governor's wife who invited an army regiment stationed in the town on garrison duty. When the orchestra started playing the young officers stood around, hands behind their backs, while the ladies chattered in an embarrassed and neglected group at the other end of the room. Finally the exasperated hostess sent an aide over to request the men to find partners. The answer came back, "The Tenth don't dance."

"Very well, then," said the lady, when it came time for refreshments. "The Tenth don't dance. The Tenth don't sup," and she sent the Tenth home hungry to think it over.

Several members of the royal family have danced in this room. Prince Arthur, the third son of Queen Victoria, and afterward the Duke of Connaught, led off a reel at the ball in 1869 while flickering gas jets bobbed to the dancing and the mantel was hung in evergreens and bunting.

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The next member of the royal family to dance in this room was George V who made several calls at Government House while serving in the navy as a young man. The first time, in 1883, he was described as a shy young midshipman of eighteen with light hair, blue eyes and a boyish, bashful appearance. Like any sailor far from home, he was less interested in meeting local officials than in getting his mail which included a photograph of his father, Edward VII. While in Halifax he also went trout fishing and tried log rolling, fell in and had to be fished out by an aide.

In 1919 he was followed to Halifax by his son, Edward, Prince of Wales. For young Edward's visit the ballroom was turned into a reception hall in the afternoon and a red carpet was borrowed from Province House for the occasion. Everyone in Halifax turned up to shake the Prince's hand. Finally the lieutenant-governor's son and the royal visitor sprinted up the staircase and Edward made a speech to the crowds outside from the balcony.

At night a ball was held. Edward, who liked one-steps, repeatedly requested Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning. He cannily declined to dance the first dance but watched the others and then selected one of the best dancers present as his partner.

During World War II the ballroom took on a bustling air it had never known before as a Red Cross centre. Lady Wentworth would have stared in amazement to see the scene of her gay parties filled with long wooden tables and women busily engaged in wrapping bandages. Near the end of the war a reception was held for the women who had registered as part-time war workers. Maids, laundresses and factory workers, four hundred strong, arrived, some elaborately gowned and some in overalls as they came from work.

#### Curtains Fell in a Cloud

Every year on New Year's Day since the house was built it has been the pleasant custom of the lieutenant-governor to hold a levee in the ballroom between twelve and one o'clock. Last year seven hundred people crowded into Government House.

The biggest bedroom upstairs is the "royal bedroom." The original bed is no longer in existence and in its place is a monument of Victorian bad taste—a canopied brass bed in French blue and peach, with two steps to help the occupant climb into it. As compensation, the room has a fine old Sheraton table and the handsomest Adam fireplace in the house. In the corner stands an immense armoire in which the Prince of Wales, now the Duke of Windsor, kept his changes of clothes for social events to save going back to the ship where he slept.

It was during the tenure of the previous lieutenant-governor, J. A. D. McCurdy, who was the first man in the British Empire to fly an airplane, that the renovation of Government House took place. Since before the war nothing had been done to it and the old house was like a great beauty who had lost her looks through neglect. Cupboards had been built under the famous hanging staircase, hiding its lovely line. Cheap paneling had been put halfway up the walls of the dining room. Some of the grooves in the columns in the ballroom were so ingrained with paint that they

could hardly be seen. Valances and mirrors were chipped. Much of the original furniture had been scratched or broken and was lying in the old coach house or gathering dust in the attic.

When Mrs. McCurdy was asked to pose in her new residence the photographer told her to stand beside a window which was curtained in velvet. She had no sooner taken her place than the curtains fell down in a cloud of dust around her head.

The legislature voted fifty thousand

dollars to have the house completely renovated, but found, like Sir John Wentworth's legislature, that the renovation actually cost three times the amount voted. Thirty coats of paint were removed from the walls and the cupboard under the staircase was ripped out. Beaverboard partitions and paneling in the ballroom were taken off. Chandeliers that had been broken or disappeared through the years were copied and replaced. The big lanterns that had hung in the hall were found

broken and were copied and re-cast.

The kitchen, which had resembled something out of Dickens, was cut down to a cosier size and the dingy walls were tiled. Built-in cupboards were added and an electric stove replaced an ancient coal-eating one.

Today the handsome old house is the pride of the province and like a woman who has had her triumphs and her shabby days, finally restored and refurbished, faces a happy and honored old age. +

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# EXPORT

CANADA'S FINEST  
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## FASHION

Memo from Roxmary



## CHATELAINE'S IN SHOW BUSINESS

IN RECENT ISSUES of Chatelaine you've watched us swap readers' new looks for old—one secretary was made over in less than twenty-four hours. Now we're working that same makeover magic during a sixty-minute television show.

It happens every Tuesday afternoon in Eaton's Auditorium in Toronto when a miller and a watchmaker get together to sponsor CBC's new Matinee Party with your fashion and beauty editor as hostess. For the first telecast we picked Mrs. W. A. Gibson, of Toronto, out of the audience just before the show; poured tea for her before the television cameras onstage; marched her offstage—and just before the show ended brought her back looking like a new woman. Matinee Party can be seen in Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal now, and on new stations as quickly as they open.

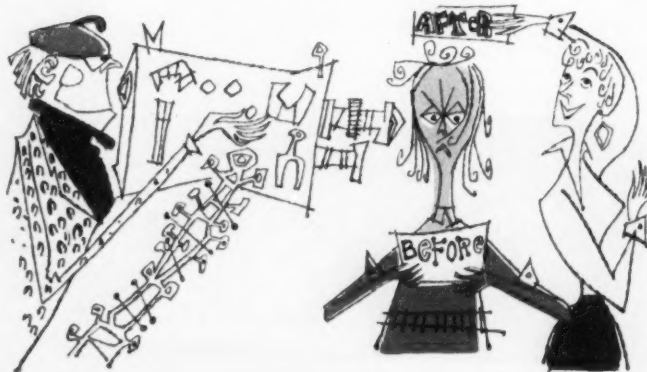
The show has lots more, too. Popular Canadian singing stars Wally Koster and Terry Dale appear and there are guest entertainers each week... Comedian Larry Mann cuts capers and auctions off wonderful prizes to volunteers from the audience who are supplied with free stage money. I keep busy interviewing visiting celebrities (our first was American radio and film star, Frances Langford) in my make-believe living room, and plying eminent child psychologists with readers' problems about their children.

I'm a handyman, too, trying to show women how to rise to their own household emergencies when Mr. Fixit is away. I practice before, of course, but run into my own emergencies—like the time a stage electrician sternly demanded to see my union card after I had demonstrated how to fix a toaster cord.

Between her numbers singer Terry Dale goes backstage to watch the makeovers. Terry is always charming in her wonderful dressed-up separates—big skirts that stand away from the body, wide belts and smooth jersey tops. She tells us that full skirts over petticoats make it easier to move arms and legs gracefully before the cameras.

There are moments of panic, too. On our first show, for instance, while I was chatting with child psychologist Dr. William Blatz, of the University of Toronto, I noticed to my horror that the freshly unpacked cups into which I was about to pour coffee were filmed with saw-dust. And with the camera trained on us, there was nothing to do but go ahead and pour. If the doctor thought his coffee tasted strange I know why—but I didn't tell.

Something I can tell—as I write this the winner of Chatelaine's Makeover Contest will be arriving by air any moment for her big transformation scene. You'll see who she is on our April cover. +



## LOOK!

here's magic  
in your kitchen!

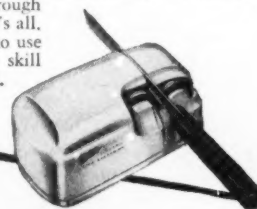
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## BACHELOR BEWARE!

Continued from page 17

were very blue, her short blond hair curled in little tendrils about her red beret. There was something vaguely familiar about her. He thought, What is she doing in that heap? Isn't she the girl who drives that convertible? But no, he was mistaken. Maybe she was that girl in one of the first-floor apartments. But she had likely moved. No, he'd never seen this girl before, but one thing for sure, she was going to have trouble starting an old car that had been left out all night.

"Pull the choke out," he said. "There isn't enough gas getting into the carburetor."

"Choke?" she asked bewildered.

"That dingus just below the dashboard on the left above—" He gave up in disgust. He owned the Ace Garage and he'd seen that uncomprehending look in women's eyes before. "I'll be down to show you."

"Oh no!" she objected. "I wouldn't think of bothering you!"

He closed the window with a bang. Oh no, she wouldn't think of bothering him! Why the hell didn't she show some consideration before she started that cement mixer and woke him up.

He dressed thinking of last night. He'd met Mike Dunlap. They'd planned to eat and take in a movie, but they'd stopped at The Swan for a cocktail and met a couple of girls. He and the redhead had hit it off right away. What was her name? Toni? Geri? She'd spelled it out for him. Betti. That was it! Didn't girls have plain names anymore? They'd gone on to the Combo Club for steaks and dancing. He'd thought it was a big Saturday night but now he felt terrible.

He looked in the mirror as he combed his curly dark hair. That Betti, wanting to rumple his hair, going into ecstasy over his muscles and his six feet three inches. The same old line. Nuts!

Bachelors had to beware. He knew the little tricks girls used to snare a man, but he wasn't having any. That was why he was still single at thirty, and he was going to stay that way. Come and go as you please with no wife to nag or question you. No dame to latch onto your cheque book. He thought of Betti again. He muttered aloud, "Cheap little barfly!"

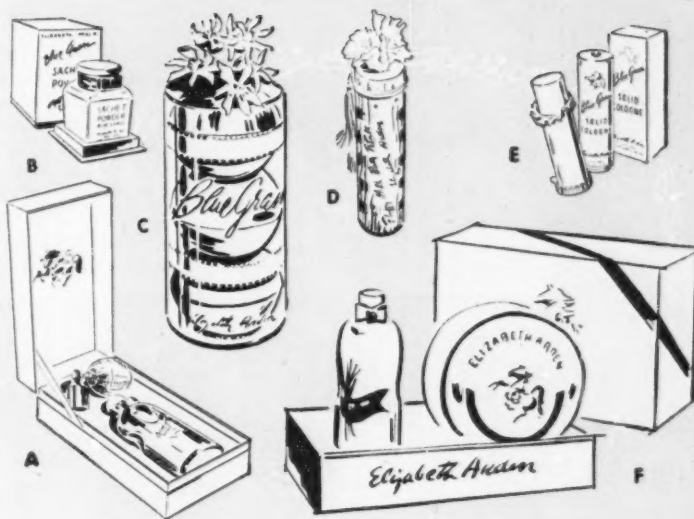
And what other kind of girl do you expect to meet in a saloon? he could almost hear Grandma scolding. He defended. She didn't look like a pick-up... Maybe that's the only type left...

Outside was deep-piled snow and grey sky. The air had a bite to it. He hastily buttoned his leather jacket, walked down the steps of the three-story rooming house to the driveway between the two buildings. The girl had the car hood up and was standing there, a wrench in one hand. Her red coat was buttoned up high, she had white woolen mittens on her small hands and she looked helpless. She turned. "I can't find the choke—"

Women! he thought. He said evenly, "Choke's inside the car."

"Oh..." He saw now she was no starry-eyed kid, but she blushed and it made her look very young. She said, "You must think I'm terribly stupid."

It was his clue to say, "You can say



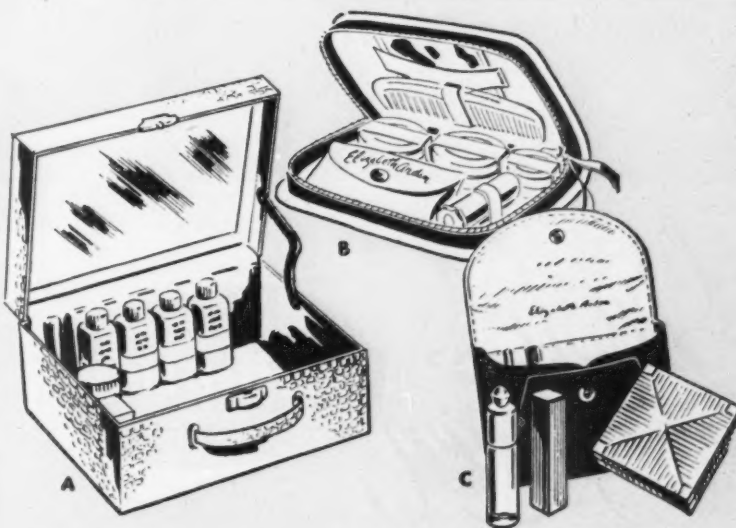
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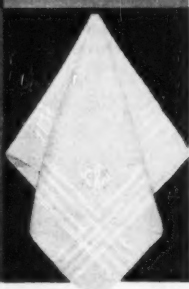
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that again, sister." But somehow she wasn't the type you called sister and she looked so embarrassed that he found himself excusing her. "Each model is a little different. Now this model—"

He stopped, the antiquity of the car suddenly overwhelming him. Except in a car graveyard it had been years since he'd seen one as old as this. It was built high off the ground with wide running boards.

"Isn't it a beautiful car?" she was saying proudly. "I know it's old in years but it's only been seventy thousand miles. Imagine!"

Seventy thousand miles indeed—Barney's experienced mechanic's eyes went swiftly over the engine before he put the hood down. "Where did you buy it?"

"Honest John's used car lot on Main Street. I bought it yesterday."

He might have guessed it. That crook knew all the little tricks to soup an old car up so it would run just long enough to get it well off the lot.

"Only three hundred dollars cash!" she said. "Wasn't I lucky?"

Barney stifled a groan. She should have been paid to haul the heap away, but he couldn't tell the girl that. She was standing there with a glow on her face and she touched the car gently as if she were caressing it.

"Yes," he muttered. "Swell." He said almost kindly, "Get in and I'll show you where the choke is."

"Maybe we'd better introduce ourselves," she said. "I'm Ellen Brown. I teach First Grade at Madison School and I live in Apartment 4A."

Barney said awkwardly, "Pleased to know you. Barney Dennison. I live in the room on the second floor next door."

She slid under the wheel and he got in beside her. He pointed to the choke. "Now pump the accelerator a few times to get raw gas into the carburetor. Then turn on your ignition and step on the starter, then slowly, mind, slowly pull out the choke."

The engine turned lazily over, almost caught, then Ellen quickly pulled the choke out all the way. The engine died a quiet death. "What happened?" she asked alarmed.

"You've flooded the engine. No hope of getting it started now."

"You mean—oh, you don't think there's anything wrong with the car, do you, Mr. Dennison? Hazlett would have a fit!"

"Hazlett?"

"Hazlett Houseman. He's my fiancé. We're getting married in two weeks. He told me just the kind of car to buy. He warned me—"

"He send you the money?" Barney knew it was none of his business but he had to know.

"Oh no! It was my money. It took me over a year to save that much. You see, Hazlett has reached the point in his business where he has to have some kind of car."

Barney said, "Oh." He told himself that was okay, a woman should contribute her share toward a marriage. That's one of the things he hated about women. They were such selfish gold diggers. Still you'd think the buying of a car would be in the man's department. He took a sudden and violent dislike to Hazlett.

Ellen sat there looking ready to cry and he tried to imagine what it would be like if you'd saved a whole year for three hundred dollars and then sunk



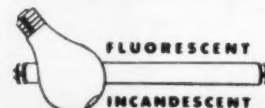
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on the  
BRIGHT

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SWITCH TO

LACO  
LAMPS



at all fine shoe repairers!

CHATELAIN — DECEMBER, 1953

them in something you found was worthless. He hastened to explain. "Even new cars are hard to start in zero weather." His voice took on an edge. "Middle of the winter is the worst time of the year to buy an old car. You should have waited until spring."

"Oh, I couldn't do that! Hazlett and I are getting married in two weeks. I had to buy a car now so I could drive it to Winnipeg."

"You planning to drive this to Winnipeg in the middle of the winter?"

"Don't you think I can?" she asked in a small voice.

"Gosh no!" He saw her crushed expression. "Well, that is—some of these old cars have a better engine than a new one—anyhow, be sure it's in good shape before you leave, but—well, say! I'm a mechanic and I own a garage. I'll give you a shove with my car to get her started so you can get where you were going. And once she starts I can listen to how she acts, and then—"

"Oh, I wouldn't think of bothering you—"

"No bother," he heard himself saying heartily. He was out of the car, and was whistling as he drove his new blue coupé into the driveway.

"Oh, your car is perfectly beautiful!" Ellen exclaimed.

"Thanks." For the first time he didn't feel so superior driving a special deluxe job. He made good money and he had no one but himself to spend it on.

He pushed the car four blocks before the engine started. He trailed her, listening to the motor, trying to diagnose its state of health, giving up finally in despair. Sounded like almost everything was wrong with it. He drove up alongside her. She gave a delighted grin and he saw the dimple at the corner of her mouth. "Thank you," she called. "I'll be all right now."

"Where are you going?"

"To the store for coffee, cream and orange juice."

"Better leave the engine running."

"I will."

He told himself he'd devoted enough time to a worthy cause, but still he followed behind her, parked while she ran in the store and out again, then trailed her home. He walked up to her as she unlocked the door of Apartment 4A. "Engine sounds like you need new points."

"Is that terribly expensive?" she sounded worried.

"No," he said. "Just a couple of dollars." But the labor would be plenty. If she brought it in he'd work on it himself.

"I'll think it over, Mr. Dennison." She opened the door. He could see through the entryway into the kitchen. His empty stomach tightened with hunger at the fragrant smell of good coffee. She said quickly, "You've been so nice to me. Won't you have some coffee?"

His "No, thanks," was reflex action. The way to a man's heart is through his stomach . . . Come up and have a little drink . . . They were little traps to snag a guy, except that this was different. Ellen Brown already had her man snared. He looked past her and saw the platter of grease cakes on top of the electric stove. "Those grease cakes?"

"Grease cakes?" she looked over her shoulder and laughed. "Oh, you mean fresh bread dough fried. Yes. Won't you try some with strawberry jam?"

It was too much. It was Grandma and his boyhood and all the things of youth before the war came along and knocked his world into a cocked hat.

"You talked me into it," he grinned. He followed her and she took his things and disappeared into the bedroom. The kitchenette was small but it was cozy and spotlessly clean with a braided rug on the polished linoleum, gay shelf paper in the cupboards and red-and-white checked gingham drapes at the window. He saw the small table by

the window set for one, warm air blew up from the register and warmed his feet and he had a feeling of contentment.

Ellen came back. She had taken off the red coat and she was wearing a navy blue wool dress with clean white collar and cuffs, and her hair was like a shining golden cap on her small head. He saw that the seams of her stockings were straight, her flat-heeled Oxfords polished. She tied a white organdy apron around her waist.

Barney pointed to the platter of

grease cakes and grinned. "Weren't you overdoing it?"

Again her cheeks went red and her eyes sparkled. "I'm afraid I'd planned to make an absolute hog of myself. Hazlett has ulcers and he can't eat any fried or spicy foods so for the next two weeks I'm going on a food orgy. Sit down, Mr. Dennison."

"Call me Barney, Ellen."

"All right. Barney." She held her head to the side and smiled appealingly. He thought of what she had said about

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(Advertisements)



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## Cherry Hill Cheese . . .

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Hazlett. The ulcerous type. Probably nervous and exacting. Seemed like she deserved something better than that.

He sat down and Ellen placed a plate before him. He noticed the white embroidered lunchcloth and monogrammed napkins. He saw that the silver and china were what Grandma would have called "quality things." Grandma had believed in doing things up nice. She would have approved of this. In fact Grandma would have approved highly of Ellen Brown because Ellen was quality, too.

"Eating in restaurants, long time since I saw a table set like this," he said.

"They are things from my hope chest," she said. "I've been filling it for years." She stood there and Barney thought her voice rose a bit hysterically as she named the things she had. The dozens of sheets and pillow cases and tablecloths and blankets, the boxes of dishes and kitchenware . . .

Barney had thought girls who filled hope chests were as extinct as the dodo bird. He hoped Hazlett appreciated what he was getting. Ellen sat across the table from him. She filled his cup with steaming coffee. He saw the engagement ring on her finger. The diamond was almost invisible, and as he lavishly spread strawberry jam on a fluffy grease cake he thought angrily that this Hazlett must be a cheap skate. If he was going to give a diamond why didn't he let himself go and buy one you could see without using a magnifying glass?

"How long have you been engaged to this charac—to Hazlett?"

"Seven—no eight years."

"Eight years!" No wonder she had sounded hysterical when she talked about filling her hope chest. There had been time to build a home with her own two hands!

"There was the war, you know," she talked fast, defending the big dope. "And then he had to finish college—"

"Other couples got married and still went to college—"

"But Hazlett is the cautious type. And he wanted to get a good start in his business. It's taken all we could save. He's always said he wouldn't marry until he could afford to support a wife."

Support a wife! Barney thought indignantly. For eight years she had been saving money and sending it to him. She'd even bought the car. Now he got the idea. This Hazlett had latched onto a girl in a million who would be loyal no matter what and he was just keeping her dangling. He ought to have a good punch in the nose.

"And the taxidermy business is very slow in getting started."

"Taxidermy?" Barney asked.

"Yes, you know. He stuffs birds and—"

"Sounds like he's the type who should have already made his million in that business."

"Just a minute!" she said angrily. "Have you any idea how many birds and animals a person has to stuff before he begins to make a profit? Why—"

"Sorry," he said quickly, wanting to talk about something else, the whole thought of taxidermy being too depressing. "I just meant, well, after all, eight years. Wasn't he afraid someone would come along and beat his time?"

"Oh no," her sudden wistful smile made his throat tighten. "I'm not that

much of a glamour puss. Now am I?"

He looked at her. No, he honestly couldn't say she was the type you whistled at. But she was—well, the kind of sweet clean wholesome girl he'd dated centuries ago when he was eighteen. They'd all been married by the time he came home. "I'd never take a chance if I were Hazlett."

"Why, thank you, Barney," she said softly and her eyes were misty.

They began to talk then. She told him about her first-grade students and how she was going to miss them. She laughed at his anecdotes of the war. He didn't mention his months in a prison camp. But he did tell her about coming home to find that Grandma had been dead for six months. He'd never thought he could make anyone understand how lost he had felt, but Ellen understood. She said, "It must have been awful, but you didn't use it as an excuse to go haywire. You even went into business."

"You bet," he said proudly. "Got the second largest garage in town."

All too soon the coffee was gone and the grease cakes had vanished. Barney could see into the living room. He wanted desperately to sink into the big chair and read the Sunday papers while Ellen pattered around doing the dishes. He waited a moment, but she didn't invite him to stay. So he said he'd have to go and she got his jacket and hat. "Thanks for a good meal," he said.

"Oh, you're very welcome and I do appreciate the help with the car."

"If you have any more trouble with it, let me know."

"Thank you. I will."

He went across the driveway and up the stairs to his room. He stood by the bed uncertain what to do next. Usually on Sunday he slept until afternoon, then had a leisurely bath, shaved, ate a big breakfast at a coffee shop while he read the papers, then met Mike or Andy Hall or one of the boys and played poker, then topped off the evening with a couple of drinks and a steak at Joe's Steak House.

Your own boss and you could do as you pleased. It was one of the things he'd liked about being a bachelor. Privacy was another.

But now his whole routine was upset, and it seemed a lonely, friendless existence. Self-pity welled up inside of him. He could be dying and no one would care. The day stretched ahead, depressing in its loneliness.

He sat on the edge of the bed, and he could see down into Ellen's kitchen. Not much. Just the table with a chair on each side. He could see her hands clearing the table, placing an ivy plant in the centre.

He went out and bought a paper and came back to read it. His room seemed chilly and he turned the radiator on full blast. He thought of asking Ellen for a date. But she was engaged. She wouldn't give him one. The hours dragged by. It was almost six when the telephone rang.

It was Andy Hall. "I'm at Mitzi Crawford's. Come on over. Mitzi has a girl friend who—"

"Oh no, Andy!" Barney interrupted, remembering the last blind date Andy had got for him.

"This girl is strictly from class, Barney, and she doesn't drink anything stronger than ginger ale."

When Barney saw the girl he made mental apology to Andy. She looked like class. She was blond and wore a plain black dress with only a rhinestone pin as ornament. She smiled sweetly and looked at him with wide blue eyes. Then they got around to introductions. She said, "Maggi. M-a-g-i."

"—g-i," Barney finished. "How did you know?" Her eyes widened.

"I'm a good guesser," he said, feeling irritation. His annoyance grew as the evening progressed. She decided to have "just one teeny Gibson, that's my limit." But she had one and then two and then three. By the time they reached the steak house she was quite drunk. Barney was disgusted.

He went for a package of cigarettes and ducked out. Andy would be mad, but Barney couldn't help it.

The next morning he was dressing when he heard Ellen's back door slam. He listened for the motor. He heard nothing and after awhile he looked out the window. She was trying to push the car out of the driveway. A little thing like her!

The window went up again. "I'll be right down to help you!"

"Oh no, Barney! You've done enough. I'm not going to bother you—"

"I'll be down." He put on his jacket, whistling softly and happily. He went outdoors and the air was crisp and cold. He stepped briskly. Ellen. Good old-fashioned name that no one had to spell for you.

But Ellen was standing beside the car looking ready to cry. "I've bought a lemon, haven't I, Barney? There wasn't even a spark, and—"

"Now I wouldn't say it's a lemon. Could be your battery needs recharging, but that's easy enough to fix. When do you leave for Winnipeg?" He hoped she'd say, "Never. Hazlett ran off with a kangaroo last night."

She said, "A week Wednesday. That will give me three days to reach Winnipeg." She sighed. "It's an awfully long drive, isn't it?"

He thought of that drive in the wintertime and Ellen trying to make it. Hazlett must be a drip of the first water. He didn't deserve Ellen. He should be cursed with a Betti or a Maggi.

"Yes, it's a long drive," he said. "And as I told you yesterday you'd better let me take the car for a couple of days and fix it up. Won't cost you much."

"I guess I'll have to let you do that, but just because we're neighbors, please don't think I expect a special price. I—"

"Don't worry about that," he said brightly.

He drove Ellen to school. He watched the way her students ran to her and her affectionate smile. He drove thoughtfully to his garage. Later that morning he had Ellen's car towed to the garage. The battery was completely dead. He put in a new one. He put in new points. It needed a new choke and chokes for that model were no longer available.

At noon he made the rounds of the automobile graveyards and gave a shout when he found one. He returned to the shop, installed the new choke. Then he got in the car and drove it out of the shop and for the first time in years he felt a sense of adventure. You lost that driving a new car every

year. There was a challenge to this. A mystery. Things such as why there should be a flapping sound in the engine, or why the horn should suddenly start to blare when he pushed the speed past forty or why there should be a clanking sound in the transmission when he made a left-hand turn.

He drove the car back to the garage and opened the hood. He found himself trembling as he bent over the engine, screwdriver in hand. He knew all the tenseness of a surgeon about to perform a major operation.

He had the engine apart and his hands were covered with wonderful black grease when Andy came in. "What happened to you last night?" Andy sounded mad. "What was the idea of ducking out?"

"She was a noisy lush. You know I can't stand noisy lushes!"

"Aren't you getting awfully particular all of a sudden? What's eating you?"

He didn't try to explain, because he didn't really know what had happened to him. Andy asked him if he wanted to go dancing at The Oaks tonight. Barney said no, he had to work. They made a date to bowl Thursday night.

He worked on Ellen's car the rest of Monday, all day Tuesday, and almost all of Wednesday, and finally it was fixed. It should run like a charm, but it still acted sluggish, as if it might conk out. He swore softly. It was like a crotchety old lady. Like Aunt Ivy. She had been given to faints and vaporings. He started the car again, babying it, mixing a little gas with a manipulation of the choke, like sips of wine, and suddenly it began to purr like a contented lion. He sat there grinning to himself.

"How is it coming?" He looked out the car window and Ellen was standing there.

"All fixed."

She looked pleased. "Oh, I'm so glad! How much do I owe you?"

He charged her only the wholesale price of the parts. She said, "Thanks again, Barney," and drove away, happy as a child.

Barney worked until six-thirty on other cars. Then he went to his room and again the evening stretched long and lonely. He almost wished he'd gone to The Oaks with Andy. He looked out the window. He saw Ellen's hand placing a platter of fried chicken on the table. It looked nicely browned, cooked all the way through, the way Grandma used to cook it. His mouth watered. A plate of hot biscuits, a pot of honey appeared on the table. The girl could cook. Brother, how she could cook.

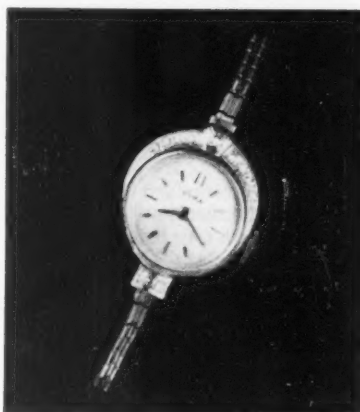
After that vision, restaurant cooking was out. He paced the floor. What excuse could he use to go over there? He thought of the comparison to Aunt Ivy. She should really know that. He went down the stairs two at a time. He reached her door and stood there a minute catching his breath. He knocked, and the door opened. Ellen said, "Well, Barney!" She sounded glad to see him. "Won't you come in?"

"Oh—sorry. Didn't know you were eating. It can wait—"

"Oh, please come in! I'm afraid this time I've really overestimated my capacity. I don't know what I was thinking of! Frying all this chicken for myself, and making biscuits—and lemon chiffon pie! But maybe you've eaten?"

## Gifts that count at Christmas

(Advertisements)



### Famous Cyma Watches . . .

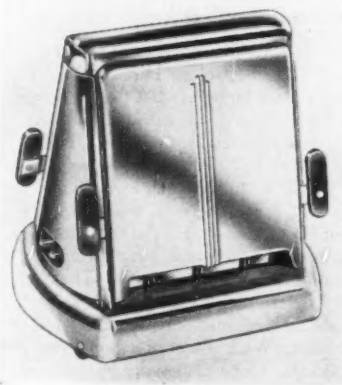
In the jewellery field, the Cyma watch is the gift supreme. Made in Switzerland, the home of all fine watches, Cyma watches are famous the world over for unexcelled accuracy and coveted for their exquisite styling. They are within the reach of everyone as there are captivating models for both ladies and gentlemen in a wide range of prices. All Cyma watches have the noted Cyma-flex Anti-Shock device which makes them, more than ever, the lifetime gift. Cyma watches are obtainable at all better jewellery stores.

### Lovely Keystone Brushes . . .

Keystone brushes and Toiletware for men and women have long been a favorite Christmas gift. Both beautiful and practical, you will find these brush masterpieces at the better stores. Beautifully grained, genuine rosewood backs make lovely settings for the all-white, pre-war quality bristles—or of nylon.

The smaller club brush is \$6.50.

The set of two, called military brushes, retails for \$15.00. Keystone brushes are made by the Stevens-Hepner Company Ltd. Port Elgin, Ontario.

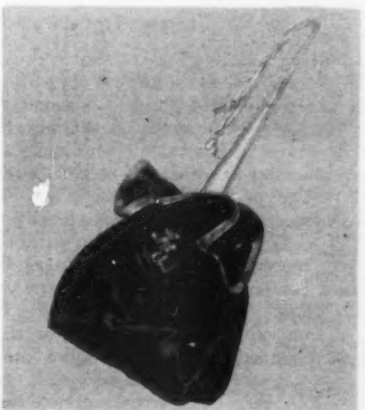


### Useful Brock Snyder Toaster . . .

Looking for a dollar-stretcher this Christmas that combines thoughtfulness, practicability, economy and rugged enough for years of wear? You need seek no further than the Brock Snyder toaster made at Grimsby, Ont. This is the Model T2C of all-chrome finish which sells for \$4.98. There is also an alternate model, T2B finished in black and chrome, which sells for \$3.98. Of heavy-duty construction, the toaster features a one piece, high heat, mica element that is easy to replace. Fibre handles make for cool usage. It is guaranteed for one year.

### Nylons in a Bag . . .

Entirely glamorous and feminine as Eve . . . a beautiful Petal Bag holding 3 pairs of nylons (60 gauge, 15 denier) by Corticelli. At \$4.95 complete, it is the gift you'll buy for others but probably keep for yourself! This fascinating gift-thought by Corticelli is expressed in red or gold satin lined with white. Nestling inside are three pairs of romantic sheer nylons in the new, flattering and intriguing shades, Gaytime and Frolic. Here's a really worthwhile gift at a really reasonable price.



# Gifts that count at Christmas

(Advertisements)



## Exquisite "Pink Mist" . . .

An exquisite gift to excite and delight the feminine heart at Christmas is this smartly packaged set of "Pink Mist" Cologne and Powder by Cashmere Bouquet. It's just the thing to give that 'favorite' girl in your life. She'll love the dainty fragrance—and she'll love your thoughtfulness too! "Pink Mist" Cologne and Powder by Cashmere Bouquet is a product of Colgate-Palmolive Ltd. You can find it on sale at your favorite drug and cosmetic store. You'll be correct with your choice of Cashmere Bouquet for Christmas!

## Horvex 2 Exposure Meter . . .

For amateur or professional, the new Horvex 2 Exposure Meter is a wonderful Christmas gift that guarantees perfect pictures all year long. Designed and made by German craftsmen for any make of camera, the Horvex 2 is an all-purpose, direct-reading meter, combining economy with accuracy, versatility and durability. Easily adjusted, the Horvex 2 gives accurate readings over the whole range of normal light. Meter with full instructions is \$15.50. The morocco case with zipper is \$2.25. Supersensitive element with case—\$7.00



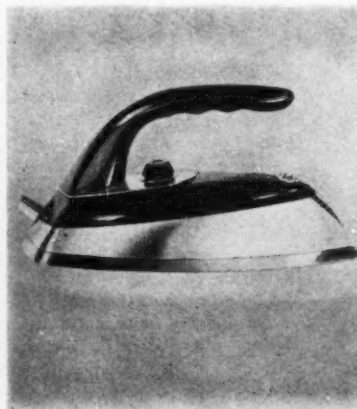
## Quality Halsa Watches . . .

Canada's quality watches of perfection—the 25-jewel for Him—the 21-jewel for Her—are both engineered by Halsa to give the finest, trouble-free performance in the world. The man's watch, \$79.50 with suede strap, or \$89.50 with matching expansion bracelet, is water-proof, shock proof, dust proof, non-magnetic, self-winding, completely automatic, cannot over-wind and will not run down. The lady's watch with 14K gold case is \$61.50 with matching expansion bracelet. With silk cord attachment it is \$53.50. Unconditionally guaranteed.



## Steam Travel Iron . . .

Here is an all-steam iron that is equally at home in the kitchen or on a hotel dresser top. Light and portable, the Vapor Jet "Stowaway" travel iron features a removable open handle and operates on either AC or DC current. The permasteam, transparent Plax squeeze bottle filler unit, included with the iron, uses ordinary tap water and automatically dispenses four even ounces into the iron with no mess or fuss. The attached cord makes the iron suitable for either left or right handed users. At \$19.95, the "Stowaway" is a made-in-Canada gift that is different and practical.



"Oh no," he said quickly. "I just got home."

"Well, come in, then."

She bustled about setting a place for him, and he sat there watching her, thinking there was something wonderful about a woman who bustled, her cheeks getting pink. He moved the buckle of his belt over a notch, and he ate. He ate until he could hardly move. He told her about the car being like Aunt Ivy and she laughed until tears ran down her cheeks.

"Wait until I tell Hazlett that!"

All at once he hated Hazlett with a deep burning hatred. He said suddenly, "This has been such a wonderful dinner. Please go to the show with me."

She hesitated. "Well, I don't know—"

"Please. Hazlett wouldn't mind, I'm sure."

She laughed. "All right. I'd love to go."

The show was a musical, light and gay, and afterwards when they were walking to the car, she slipped her gloved hand through his arm. It was a simple gesture but it made his heart pound, his mouth go dry. At the door she told him, "It's been fun, Barney." He wanted to kiss her. He wanted to see if her lips were smooth and warm and sweet. He realized then that he was in love with her, hopelessly in love. He said, roughly, "Goodnight. . . Hope the car works okay."

"I hope so, too. I'm going to drive to Westfield tomorrow after school."

"That's sixty miles away."

"I know, but I have to find out how the car works on a long trip." She laughed jokingly. "If I'm not home by eleven send out a wrecker. I have to teach school the next day. Goodnight, Barney."

The next morning Ellen's car started without hesitation. Barney felt a thrill of triumph, and then it died. There would be no excuse to see her now . . . At five o'clock that afternoon it began to snow, heavy flakes that came down and packed solid and then turned into a howling blizzard. Surely Ellen would not leave for Westfield in this storm. *But it wasn't storming when school let out.*

When he reached the rooming house Ellen's car was not in the driveway. He met Andy at the bowling alley but he was worried about Ellen and his game was off.

"Why are you looking out the window all the time?" Andy finally asked. "You want to bowl, or press your nose against the windowpane?"

"Got a headache, Andy. See you next week." He hurried out of the bowling alley and home. Ellen's car was not there. He'd done a good job of overhauling, but there were so many things that could go wrong with a jalopy. The steering column could break or the gears could snap and throw the car out of control. He groaned, seeing Ellen careening over a steep bank, or crashing head-on into a truck.

She'd only been joking about sending a wrecker, but maybe she was in real trouble and needed one. By eleven-fifteen he could stand no more. He drove along the highway, turning his spotlight along the road, looking for a tan sedan. It was when he was easing his way around a curve that he saw the car, skidded off the road into deep drifts.

He jerked his car to a stop. He

plowed through the deep snow calling, "Ellen! Ellen!" He pulled the car door open, gathered her in his arms. "Are you hurt, Ellen?"

"N-no!" her teeth chattered. "Just c-cold. I tried to get out of this mess, but it was no use." She began to cry.

He murmured, "Don't cry, honey." He kissed her, his heart zooming at the reply in her lips. "You can't marry Hazlett!" he said desperately. "He doesn't deserve you. You don't love him. You love me, Ellen. Say you do!"

"Oh, I do love you, Barney, but—I can't go through with it. I can't!"

"Through with what?"

"The deception!" In the dim light her face was stricken. "I've lied to you. There isn't any Hazlett Houseman who stuffs birds. I invented him. And I really own a good car—"

"A green convertible?" Barney interrupted thickly, suddenly beginning to understand a great many things. "And you didn't pay three hundred dollars for this wreck?"

"No, Barney," she said in a small voice. "Seventy-five with a scissors jack thrown in."

"Why did you lie to me, Ellen?" he demanded angrily.

She turned to him, her eyes filled with tears. "Because of statistics. I read this article and—well, I felt you belonged to the ten to fifteen percent who never marries and I'm the school teacher who never meets any eligible men. A few more years and I'd be an old m-maid and you'd be a b-bachelor! I've watched you ever since I moved here six months ago—"

"So it was you! And so you bought an old car, knowing I was a mechanic, and—"

"Well, I backed my convertible out every day and you didn't even hear it, and you scarcely noticed me sailing by. You didn't even give me a second look because I'm no glamour puss. I'm the type," he saw her chin wobble, "you have to know to love. So I had to do something drastic. I was planning to ditch the car and pray you'd come looking for me, and then tonight I realized I couldn't go through with it! I was coming back to tell you the truth when I really did go off the road."

"Too bad you had a pang of conscience!" Barney said angrily, but suddenly he wanted to wipe her tears away.

"Isn't it a joke!" she laughed shakily. "I go to all that trouble and then I can't go through with it. So now I'll get a cat and knit me a pair of bed socks." She opened the car door. "G-good-by, Barney."

He pulled her to him. "Let the cat wear the bed socks. You think I was worth all that trouble?" he asked softly.

"Oh yes!" she said without hesitation.

"Ellen Brown," he said with exasperation. "You are a conniving, scheming female, but—" he stopped because her arms were around his neck, her lips were soft and warm at the corner of his mouth and his heart was racing like a revved-up motor.

"But what, Barney?"

"Didn't those statistics say what happens when one of those guys in the ten to fifteen percent brackets really falls in love?" he asked huskily.

"No, Barney," she whispered. "You tell me . . ."

He did. +

## QUEEN SALOTE

Continued from page 13

hundred years ago and who, because of the gentle welcome he received, first called them the Friendly Isles.

The feast will be held in the open air and the trade winds will push softly in, bearing the fragrance of exotic blossoms. The royal guests will eat sucking pig, chicken and other meats specially cooked in the cream of coconuts in outdoor ovens. They will eat crayfish every bit as delicious as the more familiar lobster and they will sip coconut milk. Banana leaves will take the place of plates and the napkins will be made of *tapa*, a native cloth woven from bark. Any speeches that are made will be given during dinner. Tongans don't believe in after-dinner speaking. Dancing will not be on the program because the Wesleyan faith of the islands does not permit it on the Sabbath.

When the busy day has ended and the liner Gothic with the young Queen and her prince starts out to sea again, the watchers on the wharf at Nukuolofa will be dominated in size and presence by the imposing handsome figure of their queen, one of the most remarkable women of our day.

The world first knew her at the Coronation and on knowing her liked her at once. The Archbishop of Canterbury confessed to her after the service that he had made two little mistakes in placing the bracelets on the Queen's wrists. When protocol placed Salote at the end of the procession of rulers the strikingly bearded Sultan of Zanzibar stepped back with gallant flourish and said, "Ladies first" and Salote swept on.

### The Terrible Black Beard

Later at Buckingham Palace the sultan professed a desire to see Princess Anne and Prince Charles. "Leave the little dears alone, Zanzibar," his friend Queen Salote cautioned him. "They've had a long tiring day."

When the children were presented Charles took one look at the sultan's black beard and fled howling from the room. "He thought you were the bogey man," Salote told the sultan as he stroked the offending beard ruefully.

Anne did not flinch as her brother had done. She shook hands dutifully with the two rulers and withdrew. Only Queen Salote seemed to have noticed that the little girl, with Charles' experience fresh in her mind, had her eyes closed tightly all the time.

And all over London and all over the world people smiled and liked her for saying about her ride in the carriage: "No, I didn't catch cold. I loved every minute of it. I just *couldn't* have the carriage closed."

When I met Queen Salote in Auckland after her return from London and on her way back to Tongatabu, largest island of the thirty-six that are inhabited and the one on which Nukuolofa is situated, I learned that her experience with the Press had not always been so happy as during Coronation time. Stories about the islands' lurid warlike past, stressing their only recorded case of cannibalism, pained the queen who is proud of her progressive community.

Every Tongan youth of sixteen receives eight and a quarter acres of land

to farm and another acre and three quarters in town for a home. The land can't be sold and he pays a dollar a year for it. Tongan families receive weekly visits from public-health nurses and all baby foods are free throughout the islands. The state is free of debt and the very small income tax was begun only recently to augment the revenue which comes from the copra-trade monopoly and customs collections and the one-pound poll tax.

Most of the islands are no more than tiny coral reefs and Tongatabu itself is only eighteen and a half miles long and nine miles across at its widest. The total area of the islands is two hundred and fifty square miles or one fifteenth the size of Canada's Cape Breton Island. Nukuolofa has a population of about four thousand.

The women dress in semi-European style but not so long ago they favored the *rava*, wrap-around skirt with no top. The Wesleyan missionaries persuaded them to adopt more formal attire.

Tourists rarely visit the islands which are off the main rubberneck routes. But when they do come ashore they get the same gentle injunction that sent U. S. service women back to their ship during the war to put on more clothes. The queen does not approve of shorts and halters on the streets.

The woman who runs this matriarchy with the help of a prime minister and a privy council of five appointed by herself, and a parliament of fourteen, was born on March 13, 1900, in the palace where she now lives. She was an only child.

Every Sunday, from the age of four, the little princess, dressed in Kate Greenaway frocks, went to church with her father. This association with the church was to be a powerful influence in her life and her reign. In 1924, as a young and eager queen, she was instrumental in uniting the Wesleyans, long divided, into one church.

As a child little Salote, whose name is Tongan for Charlotte, learned the proud and violent history of her people. Today she is an authority on the customs and traditions. She will tell you that her ancestors were rulers in Tonga before the Normans conquered England. One theory is that the islanders came from the west, across the Pacific from Malaya. However, Thor Heyerdahl, of the Kon Tiki expedition, theorized that they had drifted west from South America.

"That just about makes it even, doesn't it? Take your choice," Queen Salote said recently with a chuckle.

The modern history of the islands began with her great-great-grandfather's rule. This warrior-king, George Tupou I, showed himself to be alone among the South Seas kings who could weld and hold together an independent kingdom.

King George Tupou brought peace, united the islands, introduced the first written law and with the help of missionaries set up the first parliament. He lived to be ninety-six.

Salote's father, George Tupou II, came to the throne at the age of nineteen in 1893 at a time when every island group in the Pacific, except Tonga, was controlled by a European power. Britain guaranteed Tonga's independence in 1900 and appointed a consul. Although Tonga is not an outright British protectorate and in fact Britain still maintains a consul there (the only one

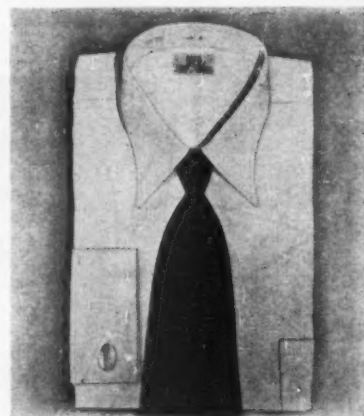
## Special Gifts for Special Men

(Advertisements)

### Nylon Tricot Shirts . . .

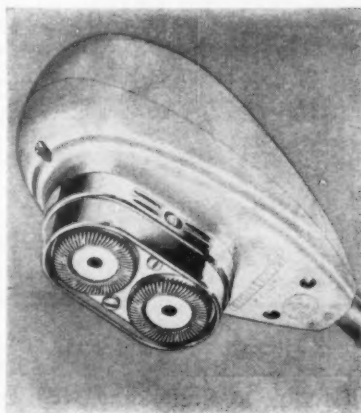
Looking for something both different and practical? B.V.D. suggests a nylon tricot shirt with fused collar and cuffs as a gift that shows extra thought and gains extra appreciation.

B.V.D. nylon tricot shirts are comfortable to wear the year 'round. They are perfect for the travelling man because they wash so easily, dry so quickly and never, never, never need to be ironed! Most fine stores have B.V.D. Nylon Tricot shirts for \$12.95. They come in the always-fresh white and three mannish colors, blue, tan and grey.



### Philishave by Philips . . .

The gift of a lifetime is Philips sensational, new Philishave rotary-action, self-sharpening electric shaver. It gives the world's finest shave! Last word in mechanical perfection, no beard is too tough for its whirlwind rotary action. It erases beard like magic without the slightest irritation. Its unique shape is easy to hold and a cinch to clean. No oiling or blade sharpening is ever required. Philishave's real motor is quiet, smooth-running, purrs like a kitten and shaves smooth as silk . . . there's nothing like a Philishave!



### Proud Perrin Gloves . . .

What man doesn't need fine gloves? Famous the world over since 1860, Perrin gloves possess a distinctive richness which discriminating men recognize and appreciate. This richness is a blend of supple, enduring leathers, perfect cut and craftsmanship, and the prestige of a famous name that guarantees exceptional quality. Gloves for dress wear, for every occasion, in many leathers and styles are indeed a special gift for special men. Especially if they are fine gloves by Perrin!



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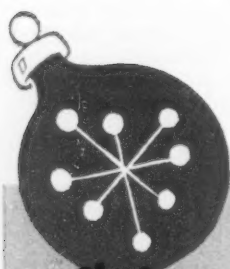
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City ..... Prov. .... 1

Name ..... ☐ new ☐ renewal

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City ..... Prov. .... 4

Name ..... ☐ new ☐ renewal

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City ..... Prov. .... 10

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City ..... Prov. .... 9



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**Special Group Offer** . . . order 3 or more gifts of Chatelaine and you may also give up to 10 gifts of each of these popular Maclean-Hunter magazines at these special reduced rates:

<b>MACLEAN'S</b> . . . . .	<b>\$1.65 each</b>
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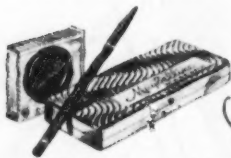
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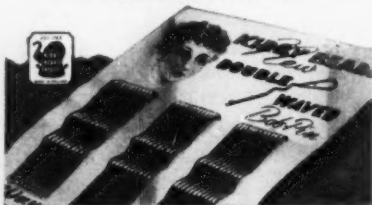
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in Salote's kingdom), Tongans consider themselves part of the Commonwealth.

This knowledge of her people's history was part of Princess Salote's luggage when she left her beautiful island home at the age of nine for Auckland and school. She could not speak a word of English but for the next two years she lived with an English governess at the home of a trader, Gustav Kronfeld who had married a Samoan. The family welcomed the dusky little princess who was even then showing signs of matching her father's magnificent height of six feet eight inches.

From the Kronfeld home, Princess Salote went to the secondary school at the Church of England Auckland Diocesan High School.

She was a normal, happy schoolgirl, taking part in all lessons, sports and exercises. All through the school records and magazines no mention can be found of Salote: this may have been done at her father's request. Yet teachers and pupils remember her as "dignified, gracious, kindly, very friendly, and easy to get on with."

The princess did not matriculate, for her father became ill in 1914. Salote, on holiday, stayed beside him. Then came the war. New Zealand schooldays were over.

A year after her wedding to Prince Tungi, a Tongan noble, the King died suddenly in his forty-fourth year. Within six months, on Oct. 11, 1918, Queen Salote was crowned in the Royal Chapel in the Palace grounds. A short procession passed over a carpet of tapa cloth and wound over to the chapel. Salote took her seat on the wooden throne, carved in 1877. At the back of the throne is a wooden star, cut from the historic koka tree, under which Tongan kings had taken office since 1700. The idea is similar to Westminster Abbey's Stone of Scone—but Tonga's relic has never been stolen!

Before a British Wesleyan minister, Rev. J. B. Watkin, the new queen pledged herself to serve her people. Apart from the crown (the same crown was worn by the queen's great-great-grandfather and is thought by some to be the heaviest in the world) there are no other symbols of office.

So, while rejoicing Tongans piled gifts of *tapa* higher than a room and presented foodstuffs by the ton—pigs, yams, taro, bananas—Queen Salote became Tonga's third modern ruler.

Most of her loyal subjects live in wooden huts with corrugated iron roofs or in houses built of coconut leaves. They support themselves almost entirely from their pigs, fish which they take from the sea, and the tropical fruits and vegetables, mainly yams, which almost leap from the fertile soil. A yam will reach a length of thirty-six inches, become as thick as a man's leg, in six months. All you have to do is push a leaf into the ground and jump back.

The Tongan people are independent, devout, fun-loving like Salote herself. Not long ago the queen endeared herself to a New Zealand audience by helping out a woman who had become flustered on being presented. The New Zealander curtsied low and stammered: "It's a very great honor for you to meet me, Your Majesty."

"Well," said Salote, flashing her now-famous smile. "That's one way to break the ice." The two women became immediately friends.

But it has been her long-range, thoughtful program designed to make life easier and healthier for her people that has won her most affection. A year after she came to the throne one thousand Tongans died in an influenza epidemic. This tragedy caused her to redouble her efforts to bring improved sanitation and better health standards to the islands. With the help of an American, Dr. Lambert, she set up a women's health committee in every village. This was not always easy. Her people liked the old ways and they ridiculed and often resisted the changes. Patiently Queen Salote persisted, winning over first the influential women.

By 1928 all village sanitation facilities had been flyproofed, and such epidemics as hookworm had disappeared. During the eighteen years before World War Two the population increased thirty-seven percent largely because of better care given mothers.

Equally impressive is Tonga's record in free education, compulsory for every child from five to fourteen. Tonga, with no illiterates today, has always insisted on equal education for girls. Government scholarships take brilliant students to colleges in Australia and New Zealand. About half of the schools are mission schools, first opened in 1828. The Tongan and English languages are taught together.

Queen Salote loves children, especially her seven grandchildren. She brought them all kilts or plaid shirts from London.

Twice she has known deep sorrow. In 1941 her husband, the Consort and Premier of Tonga, died, five years after their second son's death.

Her eldest son, Prince Tungi, thirty-four, helps rule the islands. He was first appointed Minister of Education and is now Premier, a post which includes both Education and Health. Prince Tungi received his university degree at Sydney with distinction ten years ago. The war stopped him from going to Oxford or Cambridge. "A very able chap, a worthy heir to the throne," summed up a fellow graduate. "His knowledge of Pacific economic affairs and Pacific relationships is vast."

Her other son, Prince Tuibelehake, thirty-one, after studying agriculture at a Queensland College, became an officer in the Agriculture Department before his appointment as Governor of a group

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A thrilling Christmas gift—this modern chest, Model #2966, is available in Tawny Oak as shown, or Seafoam Mahogany. In the background is Cocktail Table, Model #41, in Tawny Oak. Also available in Modern Walnut.

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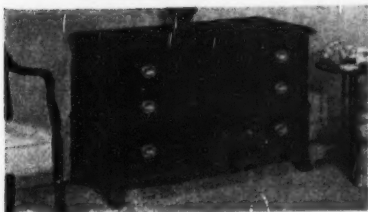
For yourself and your home, this Christmas, choose a gift you'll cherish and use for years. A gift that adds warmth and beauty to your home . . . and at the same time is marvelously practical.

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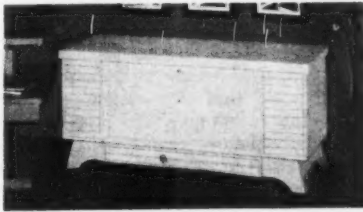
modern or traditional styles, are gifts that will add a magical new beauty to your home.

Before buying any Christmas gifts for the home—see the Lane Cedar Chests and Occasional Tables at furniture and department stores from coast to coast. Then you'll decide they're perfect gifts for your home. Lane Cedar Chests and Occasional Tables have the famous "Deep-Gleam" finish.

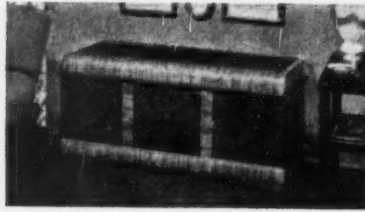
**LANE Chests and Tables**  
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18th century chest in rich Mahogany. Full-length drawer in base, simulated drawers above. Model #2221.



Arresting modern in Seafoam Mahogany. Drawer in base, self-lifting tray. Model #2925. Also in Modern Walnut and Tawny Oak.



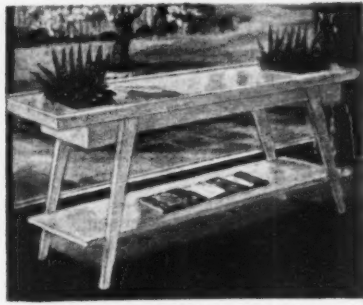
Streamlined modern in Walnut, with decorative borders of Paldao wood. Automatic tray. Model #2972.



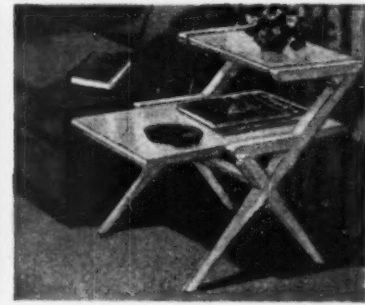
Attractive modern in lustrous Walnut. Self-lifting tray. Model #2978. Also in Tawny Oak and Seafoam Mahogany.



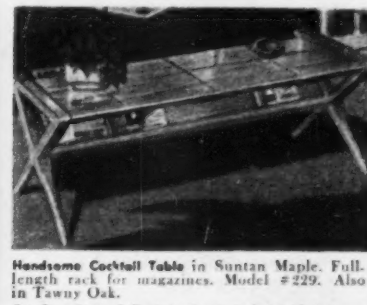
Charming modern Step Table in lovely Tawny Oak. Handy shelf space. Model #47. Also in Modern Walnut.



Specious Picture Window Table in Tawny Oak, with built-in planter boxes. Model #60. Also in Modern Walnut.



Striking Step Table in Tawny Oak. Graceful modern lines. Model #227. Also in Suntan Maple.



Handsome Cocktail Table in Suntan Maple. Full-length rack for magazines. Model #229. Also in Tawny Oak.

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throughout the world, who take dining  
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quality prevails on all "Derby" Patterns. So, whichever  
you choose, you'll know your table is "fit for a king".

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West, Montreal, for the name of your nearest dealer.



**Wait, Lady — It will go faster  
if you do these three things...**

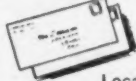


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**Keep the following information readily available  
for reference when you mail**



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Local delivery, 3¢ for the first  
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#### PRINTED MATTER

Cards, circulars, etc.,  
entirely printed — when  
addressed to individuals by  
name — 2¢ for the first 2 ounces, 1¢ for  
each additional 2 ounces. When such  
mail is addressed "To Householder"  
(not by name) it requires 1½¢ for the  
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mailed by individuals to  
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Play safe! Have your  
nearest Post Office  
weigh them. You can now  
send Air Parcel Post up to 25 pounds in  
weight. Ask about this fast air delivery  
service!



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NON ALICUIUS CUMQUE M.P.  
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W. J. TURNBULL  
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of Tongan islands. The queen has no daughters.

Queen Salote heads Tonga's parlia-  
ment, and in crown and in full state  
robes, similar to Queen Elizabeth's,  
opens every session with her Speech  
from the Throne, which she writes her-  
self. Every Tongan has the right to take  
a complaint direct to the queen.

Parliament, fourteen members in all,  
is elected every three years and sits for  
only six or eight weeks a year and is  
paid only for that period: the people's  
representatives thirty-five shillings a  
day; the nobles' representatives fifteen  
shillings a day. For the rest of the year  
the privy council (which can be called to  
book by parliament) takes over.

When the worries of her high office  
bear too heavily upon her Queen Salote,  
who has never smoked or touched liquor,  
goes into quiet retreat at Kauvai, her  
restful country home some ten miles  
from the capital. Here she plays her  
piano: popular Tongan songs she has  
composed herself, her own Tongan  
hymns and lullabies, and also pieces by  
her favorite composers: Bach and Men-  
delssohn. Her favorite reading is his-  
tory with an occasional Agatha Christie  
mystery novel for a change.

The moment war was declared Queen  
Salote placed her kingdom at Britain's  
side. For a time Tonga became a base  
for Pacific operations. All troops were  
received at the palace — rank was no bar.  
Tongan commandos, fighting with un-  
equaled skill in the Solomon Islands,  
won British and American decorations.

A few months after the peace Tonga  
celebrated the modern kingdom's one  
hundredth birthday. Queen Salote began  
the day by granting pardons to prison-  
ers. Then before thousands of Tongans  
and white-clad massed choirs, five hun-  
dred strong, the Queen was made a  
Dame Grand Cross of the Order of the  
British Empire. The massed choirs sang  
Handel's Hallelujah Chorus from the  
Messiah. ("Tongan male voices sound  
like some great organ — absolutely un-  
forgettable," a tourist told me.) Feast-  
ing, dancing, rejoicing continued far  
into the night.

Massed rejoicing took place again in  
mid-February two years ago, marking  
the fifty-year-old Treaty of Friendship  
with Britain. Arches and flowers and  
greenery and tapa cloth spanned Nukua-  
lofa's streets: just as they had done to  
celebrate victory in 1918.

Queen Salote told her people: "The  
fifty-year-old treaty is an example to  
the world that two nations can live  
together in harmony and peace. Even  
a small community can keep its territory  
inviolate, and can continue to have its  
own form of government if free from the  
threat of violence."

Then the Queen took the salute at  
a march past of the Royal Guard, New  
Zealand sailors, four hundred ex-service-  
men and seven hundred children.

And at the end of another great day  
in her full life, as Salote, Queen of Tonga,  
stands on the wharf of Nukualofa to  
say good-by to Queen Elizabeth and her  
consort, she may well think of the great  
island dynasties that are gone and all  
but forgotten. Their names are faint  
to the ear like the murmur of the surf  
on a distant coral reef. Listen to them:  
Kemeameha of Hawaii . . . Thakom-  
bau of Fiji . . . Pomare of Tahiti. All  
are gone except the house of Tupou of  
Tonga ruled over by the good Queen  
Salote. +

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THE SHAPES  
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YOU'LL EVER NEED**

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## Elastoplast

**FIRST AID BANDAGES**

20" and 40" red tins at your druggist

## YOUNG PARENTS



## TOYS CAN BE MORE THAN FUN

*Check these suggestions for the toys  
best suited to your child's needs*

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., DIRECTOR, CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

MOST OF US have some toys on our shopping list. Thanks to the work psychologists have done on children's play and playthings, we can now make our choice from their lists of the kinds of toys that children of various ages usually enjoy most. Of course there are some toys a youngster will play with for years—for instance the right kind of blocks—although he uses them quite differently as he grows older. At two years he just lugs them about and dumps them in and out of his wagon or box. Later he builds crude structures from them. Eventually, when he is five or so, he can build houses or even whole villages and he likes to have miniature lead animals, cars and people to live in them.

Play is the child's work, and suitable toys can do a lot for him as well as provide fun. They help him to develop the large muscles of his arms and legs. They may aid him in learning various skills, they can stimulate his imagination, they can encourage initiative and independence. In short, they can help him to grow up in a "painless" way.

We have made a list of some toys suitable for children of various ages:

### Under 1 year

Rattles—after three or four months of age. Dumbbell-shaped ones are especially good; soft, washable animals or dolls; bath toys; playpen—use it regularly for part of the day until your child can climb out of it. It'll help you both in many ways. Playpens are not old-fashioned.

### From 1 to 1½ years

Balls; boxes; small, bright-colored blocks; pots and pans.

### From 1½ to 3 years

Larger blocks—for long use; push and pull toys—for developing walking muscles—small wagons, animals on wheels, etc.; kiddie car (muscle developer); balls; nursery-rhyme records; sturdy picture books—of familiar objects in bright colors; simple story books, to read to him; small chair; small table; peg board with bright-colored pegs; large wooden beads (too big to swallow); shoelace for stringing beads; sandbags, about 3 by 5 inches, made of bright-colored strong material; soft pencils; thick crayons, about ¾ of an inch in diameter and 4 to 5 inches long, adhesive wound around saves breakage; unbreakable doll's dishes; small broom and dust pan; shovel.

### From 3 to 4 years

Blackboard and chalk; plasticine; tricycle; toy dump-truck; telephone; dolls that can be dressed; doll's carriage; poster paints in jars; blunt-ended scissors; colored paper; nursery-rhyme books.

### From 4 to 5 years

Paper dolls to cut out; doll's house with a little furniture; hammers; saws; simple construction toys; mechanical toys; dress-up clothes; miniature animals, motor cars, airplanes.

### From 5 to 6 years

Indian, cowboy or other outfits; nurse's uniform; toy stores; simple picture puzzles; skates.

### Over 6 years

Games, sports equipment, hobby supplies, books, records, cameras. ♦

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GLAMOUR—  
SERVICE—

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Just apply Kleenoff, leave  
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It's so easy!

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Breaks up phlegm—eases wheezing.



## BABY'S COLDS

Help Nature To Fight Them Off

Medical Science denies there is any such thing as a cure for colds—only Nature herself can do it. So when baby's sniffles, or stuffy breathing warn you of a cold's presence—cooperate at once with Nature.

See that baby is kept warm, gets plenty of sleep and take extra care that the bowels are thoroughly cleared of harmful wastes. To do this without upsetting baby's whole system and further weakening it, try Baby's Own Tablets. Mild, yet act promptly in getting rid of irritating materials that make baby restless and feverish.

One Nova Scotia Mother says: "My baby of 26 months caught a nasty cold so I tried Baby's Own Tablets and she threw this cold off quicker than ever before. I certainly am for Baby's Own Tablets from now on." Equally good for restlessness and peevishness resulting from irregularity at teething time, for constipation, digestive upsets and other minor infant troubles. Get a package today at drugstores.

IS YOUR CHILD  
Constipated?

Try The  
EX-LAX  
Way

EASY to Take  
EASY-Acting  
EASY on the  
System

Good for Children and Adults  
EX-LAX  
The Chocolate Laxative

## THAT WAS REALLY CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 15

twenty-five-pound pails of hard candy, bolts of pink flannelette, cartons of baby bonnets. And dolls. The dolls came stark naked, the dolls' clothes to be made painfully at night and in secret so that the lucky recipients should find their dolls all splendidly dressed lying under the family tree on Christmas morning.

But we knew the great day was really close when farmers from the surrounding townships began to arrive laden with chickens, hams, butter and late-kept apples, all to be traded for merchandise from our shelves. And these items themselves became part of the store's sumptuous Christmas fare put out for display.

We loved Christmas partly because of the crowds that came into the store, largely because it was a season of rejoicing in times that were austere by today's standards and not too heavily laden with cash. There was certainly

no such delication of Santa Claus as there is today, for Christmas was generally taken much more soberly with a high accent on the religious significance of the occasion and only a moderate display of what we now call Christmas spirit.

My father, an army officer, disapproved of lavish Christmas celebration, so our presents came from the store after the Christmas Eve closing. What were they? A pair of badly needed shoes, possibly an overcoat, or maybe a cap that hadn't sold. And every one of us got a new pair of socks or stockings knit by Mother at night.

### Six in a Bed

There was plenty of mounting excitement as my mother set us to work a week before Christmas stringing colored popcorn to be draped around the tree. Even Father approved of the Christmas tree and saw to it that it was always in its place and ready for us to decorate before the final pre-Christmas choir practice which traditionally took place in our house instead of in the church.

This was one of the great moments of the year in the Scott household. The

afternoon of choir practice Mother was in a flurry of cleaning and baking since the main and most interesting part of the evening, to the choir, was the big lunch that followed. Salmon sandwiches made with homemade bread, cakes light as a feather and covered with snow-white icing, huge wedges of Christmas cake loaded with raisins and currants and peel; and then as a special treat, coffee.

Mind you, none of these delicacies were ever tasted by the children of the household. We were given supper early and popped off to bed—but we were allowed, that one night of the year, to sleep in the spare bedroom that the rest of the time was sacred to relatives, visitors and the circuit-riding minister. For the spare bedroom was upstairs over the parlor where the choir practiced, and up through the grating in the floor along with the heat from the fiery potbellied stove came those glorious Christmas hymns.

All six of us were tucked into the spare-room bed, head and heels alternately, swallowed up in numerous blankets and the soft and voluminous feather tick. Snow lay heavy on the window sills and the whole world gleamed white outside,

as our hearts stirred to the solemn four-note beat of Winchester Old and the familiar words "While shepherds watched their flocks by night." As we tried desperately to remain awake the choir would sing the many favorites . . . Silent Night, Hark the Herald Angels Sing . . . through to the triumphant finale of Joy to the World, with its thrilling mixed harmony. The sopranos sang high and clear, "And heaven and nature sing," then the basses and the tenors came in with their reverberating answer, "And heaven and nature sing"—and we went to sleep with that heart-swelling rhythm pouring up through the tiny grating and filling our dreams.

Christmas Eve followed close on the choir practice party. The store stayed open until midnight. Farmers, their wives and their children began coming in about twilight. Every cutter, every sleigh brought a final load of farm merchandise, and the bills were made out so much credit for poultry, so much for butter and then a counter-account set up. Sugar, tea, flour, overshoes—all to be bought. But candies, oranges and nuts were always the last things to be put down on the

## MOTHERS! Don't Let Kiddies' COUGHS and COLDS Get Your Goat!



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By far Canada's Largest Selling  
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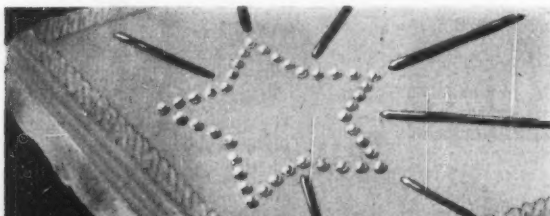
Don't envy her charm or radiant health! Make it yours the way thousands of pale, listless, anemic people are doing—with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. By revitalizing and enriching your bloodstream, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may bring you new pep, energy, joy in life—often in only 30 days. So start today! Get back "in the pink" with



**DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS**



## Christmas Star Cake



- 1 cup Swift'ning
- 2 cups sugar
- 5 eggs
- ¼ cup molasses
- \*Fruits, nuts, spices
- 4 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 cup sour milk

### \*Fruits, nuts, spices

- 1 tbsp. each cinnamon, ground allspice
- ½ tsp. each salt, mace, ground cloves
- 2 lbs. seeded raisins
- 1 lb. seedless raisins or currants
- 1 lb. each candied cherries, chopped
- pitted dates, chopped blanched almonds
- 1 lb. mixed citron, lemon, orange peel

Our Christmas Cake, as befits the season, is a little richer as to ingredients than most of your recipes. All the more reason to guard against risk of failure by using the finest shortening you can get. Swift'ning costs more, but the added confidence it gives you in all your baking is worth it every time. Now to our baking! First cream quick-creaming Swift'ning with sugar. Add eggs, molasses, beat well. Swift'ning assures you the rich, moist consistency that you want in a Christmas cake. Sift together flour, soda, spices.\* Combine with fruits, nuts. Stir till each piece of fruit is flour-coated. Add dry ingredients and milk alternately to creamed mixture. Pour into fruit cake pans lined with 3 layers brown paper rubbed with Swift'ning. Place in oven with dish of hot water to keep cakes moist. Bake in very slow 250°F. oven 3 to 5 hours, depending on size of pans. (After

1 hour's baking, cover surface with brown paper or foil.) Cool, remove from pans, wrap in wax paper, store in cool place. Ice with almond paste covered with icing sugar frosting tinted pale green. Decorate with star outlined in tiny silver candies, rayed with red-tinted icing. You'll get about ten pounds of wonderful Christmas cake. I suggest two cakes... one 8-inch square and one 5-inch square. Remember though, use Swift'ning to be sure of success!

*Martha Logan*



SWIFT CANADIAN CO., LIMITED

## Dora's DOWN

### MENSTRUAL PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues." Dora now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.



**Dora's UP**  
WITH  
**MIDOL**

## Don't Neglect Slipping FALSE TEETH

Do false teeth drop, slip or wobble when you talk, eat, laugh or sneeze? Don't be annoyed and embarrassed by such handicaps. **FASTEETH**, an alkaline (non-acid) powder to sprinkle on your plates, keeps false teeth more firmly set. Gives confident feeling of security and added comfort. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Get **FASTEETH** today at any drug store.

remarkable, new **FRONT ZIPPER**  
**4 'n 1 SHAPE-O-LETTE**  
Just ZIP for instant FIT!



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✓ provides uplift  
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— like nothing else can!

1. uplift bra
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White, pink, blue, black.  
A cup, 32-36, B cup, 34-40, C cup, 36-42.

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No more stretching, straining... no more pinch or poke... no bulges, rolls. Powerful, all Latex action-back provides firm, comfortable support. The season's most daring, most exciting figure builder... and the greatest value! Costs little more than longline bra alone. EXTRA! Adjustable straps included.

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Cup... Size... 1st color choice... second...  
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account. Because they were the real luxuries.

One of our neighbors was the Banting family who lived eleven miles away. In my father's old day book is a very significant and historic record. Mrs. Banting, who knew my father well, said, "Robert, we've a new baby in our house."

"Ah," said my father, "what's his name."

"We're calling him Frederick, after his grandfather."

"Well," said my dad, "that certainly rates a Christmas present for young Frederick."

### Salt Pork for Breakfast

And so entered in the old day book is a record in my father's handwriting—"Christmas bonnet for Frederick Banting (no charge)." And that bonnet graced the small head of the boy who lived to give insulin to the world, who was knighted for his contribution to the health of our world and who died so tragically during the war. From my father's little country store had come Sir Frederick Banting's first Christmas gift.

At midnight the store was finally closed; then started the tidying up process. After that we all fell into bed exhausted, but Father's Christmas gift to Mother was to get up early and prepare Christmas breakfast for all of us.

In the store we always had a dozen sides of salt pork brought in by the farmers, so Christmas morning we ate salt pork with creamed gravy as well as oatmeal porridge with brown sugar and we loved every mouthful of both. Toast was made over the coals in the big wood range. Some of it was burned, mind you, but to us it tasted like ambrosia.

Then began the real fun of the day, getting ready for Christmas dinner. Whether our Christmas fowl was turkey or goose or roast chickens depended altogether on what had come into the store the day before and what had not been sold. (One year Father took in so many chickens we ate chicken every day in January.) But we crumbed bread, chopped onions, laid the table, and hung around the kitchen savoring the fragrance of the roasting fowl, the hot mince pie and the rich plum pudding.

And no puny meal was that. We were all encouraged to eat until we felt uncomfortable and when we could eat no more Father would say, "Stretch yourself between two chairs with your stomach down and you'll get rid of that pain." And that's just exactly what we did.

### "We Are All Sinners"

Christmas afternoon, friends and neighbors began dropping in. Although we weren't a drinking household there was always good liquor for the grownups Christmas afternoon. It was served piping hot spiced and sweet. And then the singing began. Old songs, new songs, a real hoedown and salmon sandwiches for supper. And so off to bed.

But then came the Christmas concert which was never held before Christmas but between Christmas and New Year's.

Continued on page 76



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of London's West end. For Britain has everything . . . and everything is close by in Britain. And wherever you go, whenever you go, you'll find Britain an unforgettable holiday land. Plan your visit now, with the help of your travel agent—or write for literature and all information to: The British Travel Association (Dept. CT/4), 90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont.

*For a holiday of contrasts*

**Come to Britain**

## Dr. Elizabeth Chant Robertson tells How Christmas TB Seals May Help Your Baby

When babies under two years are infected with tuberculosis they not infrequently develop either tuberculous meningitis or miliary tuberculosis. In the latter, the disease is scattered thickly throughout the whole body. Until recently nothing could be done to save them from either of these conditions. In the middle 1940s, Dr. Selman A. Waksman, of Rutgers University, obtained streptomycin from a mold growing in the soil. By the skillful use of it and two other more recently discovered drugs called PAS and INH, a great many of these babies can now be saved. A few of them, however, are left deaf or have their balancing nerves permanently damaged by the disease.

Babies almost always catch TB from parents or relatives who don't even know they have it. Much of the Christmas Seal sales money is spent in discovering unknown cases of tuberculosis and there is probably



one unknown for every three active cases of this disease. The provincial and the federal governments spend about thirty million dollars each year on the treatment and control of TB but there is still plenty of work for the Canadian Tuberculosis Association and its branches too. They do a great deal to reduce the spread of TB by education, by mass X-ray surveys and in many other ways. Buying Christmas Seals will help to save somebody's children from this dangerous disease—may be your own.

Continued from page 75

It was always held in the body of the church which made of the affair a religious ceremony. The choir sang again. The minister read a portion of the Scripture and offered prayers in real Presbyterian style, "Lord, Thou knowest we are all sinners in Thy sight."

Followed the Sunday-school concert. Churches were not very well heated in those days but the Sunday-school chorus all must be dressed in their summer white dresses. That meant that underneath the white Victorian lawn dress must go long winter underwear and suitable underpinnings. With a family of seven to get ready for the Christmas concert my mother had her hands more than full. But to her dying day she never forgot the disgrace that I brought on her at my first Christmas concert performance.

In all the excitement I forgot to take off my black satteen bloomers and replace them with white summer panties. So there I stood on the platform, one in a chorus line of twelve, and the only one with black panties showing a good three inches below a white summer dress I'd outgrown. It didn't bother me. I was having a wonderful time. But Mother exclaimed over and over again, "What will the neighbors think?" As a matter of fact she took to her bed with a bad migraine headache and never forgot that disgrace.

To us, those early Christmases were the full flowering of autumn brought to its highest peak. The streets of our little village were piled eight feet high with snow which also turned the hills surrounding Beeton into Christmas-card scenes. And the spirit of good will was abroad in the land.

Mind you, after Christmas the baby got whooping cough, we all caught colds and sniffled and snuffled. But we went sleigh riding in spite of it all, while behind us in vivid memory and before us in already glowing prospect lay that wonderful and glorious season called Christmas. +

## CORRECTION

Due to a mechanical error in the printing of the Dairy Foods Service Bureau advertisement in our November issue, two lines of type were inadvertently omitted at the bottom, referring to the poem, *The King's Breakfast*. The lines were "From the book, *When We Were Very Young*, by A. A. Milne. Illustrations by E. H. Shepard. Copyright, 1924, E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. (Published in Canada by McClelland & Stewart, Ltd., Toronto)."

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Long-lasting  
TANK of

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✓ NO RUST LEAKS ✓ NO RUSTY WATER

You can have hot water when you need it—free from tank-generated rust—with a storage tank of Anaconda's non-rusting Everdur\* Metal. You are sure of sparkling clear hot water for bathing, laundry and dish washing. See your plumbing contractor.

\*Trade Mark Reg'd.

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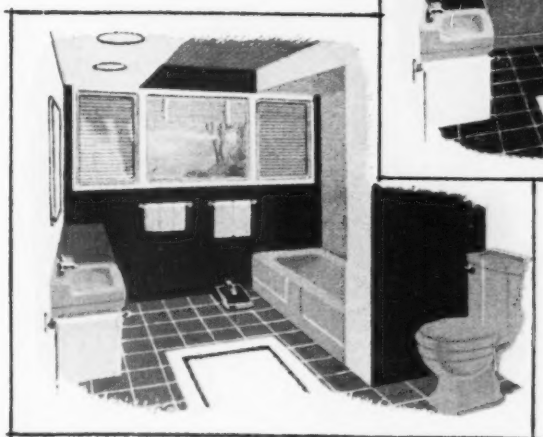
new charm and  
colourful distinction  
for bathroom  
and powder room

## BATHROOM GROUPS in COLOUR by CRANE

THE STYLES YOU NEED—and the colours you desire—they're yours to choose in the complete Crane line of modern bathroom fixtures. The "Neuday" group, for instance, is available in Shell Pink, Pale Jade, and Sky Blue as illustrated.

Other bathtubs, toilets and wash basins are available in *eight* attractive colours\* as well as white. And whatever the basic materials—whether vitreous china, porcelain-enameled cast iron, or porcelain-on-steel—these eight colours harmonize throughout the entire line, so that you can make the appropriate selection to suit any desired decorative scheme. Their price is low—little more than that of white.

You can see Crane coloured fixtures on display in 19 Crane sales rooms located in major cities across Canada. For information, ask your Architect or Plumbing and Heating Contractor.



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